



The Hope of China

AMBASSADOR WEI . . . *China Looks Ahead*

PEARL S. BUCK . . . *Understanding the Chinese*

JOHN T. FREDERICK . . . *Speaking of Books—*

JAMES T. ADAMS . . . *Needed: Post-War Capital*

Rotarian

*"Why shouldn't I
buy it?
I've got the
money!"*

Sure you've got the money. So have lots of us. And yesterday it was all ours, to spend as we darn well pleased. But not today. Today it isn't ours alone.



"What do you mean, it isn't mine?"

It isn't yours to spend as you like. None of us can spend as we like today. Not if we want prices to stay down. There just aren't as many things to buy as there are dollars to spend. If we all start scrambling to buy everything in sight, prices can kite to hell-'n'-gone.

"You think I can really keep prices down?"

If you don't, who will? Uncle Sam can't do it alone. Every time you refuse to buy something you don't need, every time you refuse to pay more than the ceiling price, every time you shun a black market, you're helping to keep prices down.

*"But I thought the government put a
ceiling on prices."*

You're right, a price ceiling for your protection. And it's up to you to pay no more than the ceiling price. If you do, you're party to a black market deal. And black markets not only boost prices—they cause shortages.

"Doesn't rationing take care of shortages?"

Your ration coupons will—if you use them wisely. Don't spend them unless you have to. Your ration book merely sets a limit on your purchases. Every coupon you don't use today means that much more for you—and everybody else—to share tomorrow.

*"Then what do you want me to do
with my money?"*

Save it! Put it in the bank! Put it in life insurance! Pay off old debts and don't make new ones. Buy and hold War Bonds. Then your money can't force prices up. But it can speed the winning of the war. It can build a prosperous nation for you, your children, and our soldiers, who deserve a stable America to come home to. Keep your dollars out of circulation and they'll keep prices down. The government is helping—with taxes.

*"Now wait! How do taxes help
keep prices down?"*

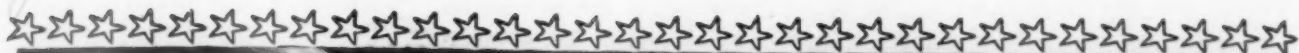
We've got to pay for this war sooner or later. It's easier and cheaper to pay as we go. And it's better to pay more taxes NOW—while we've got the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to boost prices. So...

*Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .
Make it do . . . Or do without*

**HELP
US
KEEP**



General
96



WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF ORDNANCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
OFFICIAL BUSINESS

WASHINGTON
1-14
1944
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Comment on ROTARIAN articles
by readers of THE ROTARIAN

Talking it over

Pollock Brings New Understanding

For EDGAR G. DOUDNA, *Rotarian*
Educator
Madison, Wisconsin

The December ROTARIAN is a honey. I reread *A Christmas Carol* last night with new understanding because of the Channing Pollock story [see *One Hundred Years of Tiny Tim*].

Too bad "Billy" Phelps couldn't do books forever—perhaps he is reading for St. Peter. If he is, I hope he keeps some of the sewerage, sex, and sin novels off the heavenly shelves. Your selection of book commentators has been excellent, however.*

* For William Lyon Phelps' successor, see page 21 of this issue.—Eds.

Put 'Basic' to Work

Suggests PERRY REYNOLDS
Chicago, Illinois

Professor Richards has on his desk many examples of the ease with which Basic English is used by educated Americans [see debate-of-the-month, *Basic English*, between I. A. Richards and Perry Reynolds, December ROTARIAN]. I wonder if they are original compositions in Basic or translations from regular English into Basic? Perhaps we can shift into Basic. If so, I'm for doing so. I suggest that the Rotary Clubs of the English-speaking countries conduct a campaign—with the coöperation of Rotary International—to have (a) only Basic taught and used in the conduct of their schools and (b) journalists, writers, public speakers, broadcasters, and advertising men give the preference to Basic in all their work. Let the English-speaking Rotarians demonstrate that their language can be so simplified for daily use. Also I suggest that the members of the editorial staff of THE ROTARIAN set the example by limiting themselves to the use of Basic in all their work on the magazine. That would be an excellent test of something.

Why Come to Rotary?

Answered by J. A. PARK, *Rotarian*
Dean of Men, Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

In the December ROTARIAN six Rotarians with enviable attendance records told *Why I Never Miss*. Some time ago I wrote the following for publication in the Columbus Rotary Club *Bulletin*, and perhaps other Rotarians would like to know my answer to the question "Why Come to Rotary?"—a query which closely parallels that answered in the December issue:

Why come to Rotary? You can probably get a better meal somewhere else. You are saving your gas, so you didn't come for the ride. When you were elected, you thought it was an honor, but that was a long time ago. It takes quite a little time out of the

middle of the day. You would probably take it anyway, but you think you wouldn't. Programs vary. The speaker you enjoyed was a "washout" in the opinion of the Rotarian sitting next to you, and it might be the reverse next week.

You don't know as many men as you ought to know and the badge is mighty handy if you can read it without making it too obvious. But there you are, week after week. Why?

Because there will be at least one man at your table whose company is worth travelling a long way to enjoy. Because two or three others will act as though they enjoyed the meeting more because you were there. Because someone will add to your knowledge by talking interestingly about his business or some recent experience he has had. Because someone across the room will wave at you and grin.

Why do you come to Rotary? Because you wouldn't miss it!

Yes, Enforce the Peace!

Says ARTHUR EYMANN, *Rotarian*
Owner, Lotus Engraving Company
Atchison, Kansas

Allison Ware says, in the December ROTARIAN, *Peace Must Be Enforced*. I agree with him. It must be. It can be. For the most positive, definite, irrefutable, final statement that may be made is that *anything can be done*. For that reason Rotarians should contrive peace. To say "can't" is to close an impossible-to-enter door. Doubt leaves the door open a crack for "can" to sneak in. The only effective way is to say neither "can't," "can," nor "will try to," but just do it. One man said, "You can't fly like a bird." The one who did it now flies thousands of feet over the bird at speeds that would break the neck of any bird trying to fly an eighth as fast.

I am a persistent proponent for peace. I know we can have world peace. I look at that strip of unprotected boundary between Canada and the United States. I read the plaque, provided by the Rotary Clubs of Argentina and Chile, on "The Christ of the Andes," a memorial on the boundary line between their two countries [see cut], and find that



"THE CHRIST of the Andes"—a memorial on the boundary between Argentina and Chile.

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble than Argentines and Chileans break the peace sworn at the feet of Christ the Redeemer." What four nations have done can, I believe, be done by many times four nations.

We read in the Bible that faith will move a mountain, but we don't believe it. We admit that's all right to teach Sunday-school children, but everyone knows nothing can move a mountain. We stand there with our very back to the mountain and argue it out with the Bible. As we turn around to look, to our astonishment the mountain's gone. Investigation reveals that someone put faith in bulldozers and tractors and took the mountain away.

Who are we to say that peace cannot be made durable?

Magazine Goes to Troops

Says J. M. SILVESTER, *Rotarian*
Publicist
Nairobi, Kenya

I always read my copy of THE ROTARIAN with great interest and then pass it on to the troops in the Middle East. Before I forget it, an article which appeared in the issue for December, 1942, entitled *A District Governor in Palestine*, by Lawrence D. Watts, contained a curious mistake. The author wrote, "... near where the Blue Nile, from Abyssinia, and the White Nile, from Victoria Falls, meet and flow as one through the Cataracts and Egypt to the Mediterranean." "Victoria Falls" should, of course, read "Ripon Falls." The White Nile has its source in the Ripon Falls on Lake Victoria in Uganda, whereas the Victoria Falls are on the Zambezi River near Livingstone in Northern Rhodesia, some 2,000 miles farther south.

Footnoting Mr. Richard Law

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS
Brunswick, Maine

The November ROTARIAN carries one of the best statements I have seen on the British Commonwealth of Nations [*The British Commonwealth after the War*, by Richard K. Law]. It fits completely into the contradiction which has puzzled so many and caused so much misgiving in Winston Churchill's refusal "to preside at its liquidation of the British Empire." The British Empire, as such, is already liquidated. The British Commonwealth of Nations is a reality and the only true basis both of British evolution and our own, for this historical reason.

The British Empire was clearly visible in 1763. It was then that Benjamin Franklin (as what he called himself, "an American Briton") stated before interested members of the House of Commons that we are no longer colonies, and that the foundations of the Empire lay no longer in England, but in America.

What we had realized and were insisting on, from 1763 to 1776, was the thing that Englishmen later realized as a commonwealth of nations: the foundation of our federal union of free States, as opposed to the idea of a unitary national republic. The "commonwealth of nations" lay in the majority of Ameri-

can Tories' attitude toward secession from the Empire. It lay in the idea of secession at the Hartford Convention, the Kentucky and Virginia Resolves, and in the secession of the Confederacy.

The imperial idea, on the contrary, was initiated by a German King of England, a member of the House of Hanover, a family which were hereditary electors of the Empire—and which, attempting to organize the British Empire, sincerely and honestly enough, nevertheless could "Empire" only from the German point of view. We seceded and split off from the Empire in 1776, honestly and legitimately and successfully. Both sides learned a lesson from it, but both only partially. The British evolved a Commonwealth of Empire-speaking nations based upon personal liberty—but maintained the imperial form for non-British subject races (like India) which today is no longer possible to operate. It rests on rule against the will of the ruled. We, after 1776, started out on the road to a Commonwealth of American nations (embryonic nation-states), but have, ever since, developed the unitary national republic, in which we are ruled. Mr. Richard Law is not quite conscious of what he has said here, in its relation to ourselves, nor to India. It is true, however, well said.

I'll Take Small Town

Says C. H. HEATH, Rotarian
Cemetery Association Secretary
Smethport, Pennsylvania

I was much interested in the article *Why Men Like Rotary*, by Richard H. Wells [November ROTARIAN].

In my opinion, fellowship and Rotary are synonymous. At our Rotary meetings fellowship seems to be the theme of all the members. I believe it exists to a greater extent in small towns than in large cities, for everybody knows everybody's business and social activities in smaller places. A friendly nod from the town's most respected citizen, as he passes along the street, no matter what one's station in life, socially or otherwise, is a fair example of the true fellowship that exists. Smethport is the county seat of McKean County, Pennsylvania, and is located in a valley surrounded by high mountains, and in the heart of the highest-grade oil field in the State. A man with oil-soaked clothes and a dirty face may be a big oil producer or a common laborer. Fellowship among these men, employer and employee, is of the highest order. . . .

A friend of mine from the city was asked how he liked city life. He said, "City life is okeh, and there is fellowship and friendliness in the city, but people don't have time to put it in force; everyone seems to be 24 hours behind time, and they hardly have a speaking acquaintance with their next-door neighbor." Me for the old home town, where everyone thinks he is some "punkins."

A Lesson in Geography

Relayed by JOHN MURPHY, Rotarian
Electrical Engineer
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

As I read from month to month the series of articles which compose the "A



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

CANADA

A ROYAL WELCOME AWAITS YOU AT CANADA'S ROYAL FAMILY OF HOTELS

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Rotary meets Monday
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CINCINNATI—HOTEL GIBSON. Cincinnati's largest. 1000 rooms—1000 baths. Restaurants and some guest rooms air-conditioned. Randall Davis, Gen. Mgr. RM Thurs., 12:15.

PENNSYLVANIA

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CLAUDE H. BENNETT,
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TENNESSEE

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TO TRAVELLING ROTARIANS: You will be welcomed at these hotels. When registering, let the management know you saw their hotel listed in this directory. They will appreciate it. So will YOUR magazine.

World to LIVE In" series in THE ROTARIAN, I naturally recall some information which I incorporated in an address back in 1936. Here is the background:

In September, 1936, the World Power Conference was held at Washington, D. C.; other meetings had been held at Wembley, England, in 1924 and in Berlin, Germany, in 1930. Engineers from some 30 countries attended the meetings. The American Society of Mechanical Engineers timed its annual meeting in 1936 so that it immediately followed the World Power Conference in order to make it easy for engineers from other countries to attend both meetings.

The American Society invited the Engineering Institute of Canada to act as joint host, and this was done. A thoroughly cosmopolitan meeting was the outcome and it was held at Niagara Falls, New York. The president of the Canadian Institute had another pressing engagement and this is how I came into the picture. At the get-together banquet I said, in the course of my address:

I wonder how many of you know, exactly, where Canada is? I confess I didn't—although I was born there—until a very short time ago. Recently my fellow Rotarian Author Bob Stead, speaking at Washington, answered that question in the following manner:

"In the first place the area of Canada is 3,684,723 square miles—just 61,534 miles greater than the area of the United States of America, including Alaska. We, of course, have great northern regions—but so have you; Alaska represents one-sixth of your total area. The 49th parallel is commonly referred to as the boundary between us. Where is this 49th parallel in relation to the national boundaries of the world? In Europe we find that north of that imaginary line lie the British Isles; the Scandinavian countries—Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; The Netherlands; Belgium; most of Germany and Poland; and most of Russia. Paris and Vienna are in almost the same latitude as Winnipeg. Edmonton, Alberta, is in the same latitude as Dublin and Berlin. Our great Peace River country, which produces the world's prize-winning wheat and oats, is in the same latitude as Edinburgh. So, you see, we are really not so far north; it is just that you are so far south.

"Please remember that the 49th parallel constitutes less than half the boundary between the United States and Canada. As a matter of fact, two-thirds of the population of Canada lives south of the 49th parallel. Please listen to this: There are 19 States of the Union wholly or partly north of Canada's most southern boundary. Canada reaches down to the latitude of Barcelona and Rome! Canada's southern tip is in almost the same latitude as the northern boundary of California."

Now, Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, what difference does it make where these lines of latitude and longitude happen to be? Your aims and objects and ours are exactly alike: "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men" is what we are all striving for.

At the banquet where the above speech was presented a German engineer sat at my side. As I concluded, he ejaculated: "A great lesson in geography!"



"OUR typewriter's busted, our writers have been drafted, our paper supply is short, and now you drop our eraser out the window!"

International Service Calls

The advancement of human understanding through a world fellowship united in the ideal of service is our goal. . . . No. 6 in 'Little Lessons in Rotary.'

TO UNDERSTAND "International Service" one must appreciate that this phase of service is the Rotarian's effort to extend his horizon of thought and action beyond the borders of his own country. While he is a sincere and patriotic citizen of his own country, he desires to be thoughtful of and helpful to men of other lands and with them to advance international understanding and goodwill. This he seeks to accomplish by:

Developing his own understanding and goodwill with regard to peoples of other countries;

Getting acquainted with people of other countries through personal contact in the Rotarian's own community, or by travel and attendance at Rotary's international Conventions, etc., or through reading and correspondence;

Extending his knowledge of other countries and their culture, customs, accomplishments, and aspirations;

Trying to understand the point of view of peoples of other countries with regard to their problems;

Becoming informed about the policies and issues which draw nations together or cause conflicts between them;

Helping to arrange events such as forums, lectures, pageants, exhibits, etc., by which such knowledge of other countries and their peoples may be acquired;

Studying what he, as a citizen, can do to make and keep his own country a worthy member of the family of nations—and then doing it;

Studying post-war problems and Rotary's place in a post-war world;

Encouraging others to do all or some of these things.

The war, with all its cruelty and devastation, has opened a wide avenue for the development of understanding. Certain countries, whose people generally thought they had little in common, have been brought together in a "community of interest." For the first time they realize fully the meaning of interdependence of nations. Never has greater need existed for coöperation, understanding, and goodwill. Rotary Clubs can and should capitalize on this opportunity to develop a complete understanding between people which will result eventually in the building of a world economy on a basis of mutual welfare. The welfare of the world demands that intelligent and deliberate steps be taken to bring about that mental disarmament without which all physical disarmament is futile.

Next month's "Lesson" will be on "Rotary Classifications."—Eds.

Readers wishing further opportunity to read articles in Spanish will find it in REVISTA ROTARIA, published monthly in that language. A year's subscription in the Americas is \$1.50.

PARA comprender las actividades en el campo de las relaciones internacionales necesita uno darse cuenta de que esta fase del servicio rotario es el esfuerzo del rotario para ensanchar sus horizontes, en cuanto a pensamiento y acción, más allá de las fronteras de su propio país. A la vez que es un ciudadano sincero y patriota de su propio país, desea hacer objeto de su inteligente consideración el legítimo interés de los hombres de otros países para tratar de serles útil y para fomentar con ellos la comprensión y la buena voluntad internacional. Esto se propone conseguirlo mediante:

El desarrollo de su propia comprensión y de su propia buena voluntad por cuanto toca a los pobladores de otros países;

El mutuo conocimiento con personas de otros países a través de contactos personales en la propia comunidad del rotario o a través de viajes y de su asistencia a convenciones, etc., y también a través de lecturas y correspondencia;

La ampliación de sus conocimientos acerca de otros países y de su cultura, costumbres, obras y aspiraciones;

El esfuerzo de comprender el punto de vista de los pobladores de otros países por cuanto toca a sus problemas;

La adquisición de información acerca de las políticas y los problemas que determinan el acercamiento entre naciones o que son causa de conflictos entre ellas;

Su colaboración en la preparación de actos tales como foros, conferencias, representaciones teatrales, exposiciones, etc., gracias a los cuales puedan adquirirse tales conocimientos acerca de otros países y de sus pueblos;

El estudio de lo que él, como ciudadano, puede hacer para lograr que su país se mantenga como un miembro digno de la familia de las naciones—y después la ejecución de los actos correspondientes;

El animar a los demás a realizar en su totalidad o en parte lo anteriormente detallado.

La guerra, con toda su crueldad y devastación, ha abierto una amplia avenida para el desarrollo de mejores relaciones. Ciertos países cuyos pueblos generalmente creían que tenían muy poco que les fuese común, han estrechado más sus relaciones por lazos de "intereses comunes". Por primera vez comprenden plenamente el significado de la interdependencia. Los Rotary clubs pueden y deben sacar partido de esta oportunidad para desarrollar mejores relaciones entre los pueblos que den por resultado con el tiempo la creación de una economía mundial sobre bases de bienestar recíproco.

Nunca ha habido necesidad mayor de cooperación, de comprensión y de buena voluntad.

JANUARY, 1944

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Presenting This Month—

A refreshing variant from the cloistered historian is JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, for buttressing his undisputed scholarship is successful experience as member of a New York Stock Exchange firm. Author of almost a score of books, his latest is *The American*, a stirring re-



Adams

statement of the American Dream thesis, originally expounded in *The Epic of America*. DR. ADAMS, properly enough, lives in a historic house at Southport, Connecticut.

DR. CHANG-LOK CHEN is now a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Illinois, where he is China's Consul General, but he fondly recalls the halcyon days when he lived in his native city, Canton. He also has nostalgic recollections of Yale University, where he played on a champion soccer team.

A seven-time globe circler is GEORGE A. FITCH, who finished his article for THE ROTARIAN just before he hopped a Clipper from "the States" for Chungking, China. He has been a member of the International Y.M.C.A. Committee in China since 1909 and is widely known as a leader among those bringing relief to that country's war-blasted masses.

The Good Earth, a novel about a Chinese family, won the Nobel Prize for PEARL BUCK in 1938. She, like ROTARIAN FITCH, was born of missionary parents, and grew up in China. A graduate of Virginia's Randolph-Macon College, she taught in Nanking University prior to her return to America.



Buck

The mystery grows: Who is PERRY REYNOLDS? We are permitted to describe him only as one long active in Rotary's international affairs.

This month's cover is reproduced from a photograph by Thomas Kwang of Chungking for Paul Guillumette.

—THE CHAIRMEN

THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE

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Life on the home front goes on . . . and so do the ravages of time and use, in shop and store, at home, on the farm. This picture might have been made most anywhere: it just happens to have come from near Villa Grove, Illinois (see page 22). Repairs planned now will mean jobs for ex-servicemen in the first critical days after war's end.

Work Waiting

Do You Guess You Better Not?

By Walter Travis

Newspaperman; Rotarian,
Rapid City, South Dakota

YOU ROTARIAN—are you one of us?

Do good ideas pop into your head at Rotary meetings—original, *distinctive*, personal ideas that you'd like to spring on the fellows? And then do you decide that, nope, you better not? Then wish you had?

One day last Winter it was announced in our Club that a friend of mine would give a vocational talk the next week. He is a merchant in a line that has existed in the United States since colonial days. He and I were walking down the street after that announcement, and he said he didn't know what to say. I thought a bit of the history of some of his lines of merchandise would be interesting, or some human-interest slants on what people expect his service to include. We went into his store and sat down, and for an hour he told me these things—it was plumb fascinating, and it had a lot of laughs. I looked forward to his talk at the Club.

But he left all that stuff out when he spoke the next week. Instead he read a lot of statistics and quoted a trade-journal editorial on the place of the merchant in wartime. He stumbled as he read. He was uncomfortable. So were the rest of us.

I asked him later why he hadn't worked in the interesting stuff he had told me. "Oh," he said, "I guessed I better not."

I felt pretty sorry for him for a couple of months. Then came announcement that our Club would, on a certain date, entertain high-school senior boys in a way we have for years. It was a plan that worked wonderfully before the war, but it needed overhauling to make it fit the wartime picture. There had been frequent comment on this fact across the luncheon table throughout the Winter. If somebody had stood up and suggested it, I'm satisfied that the project would have been brought

up to date, to the benefit of the boys and of the Club. I thought of speaking up. But I guessed I better not. We went ahead with the old plan.

Then I didn't feel so cocky about censuring my merchant friend who had guessed, too, that he better not.

Misery loves company, and I started watching for that failing to pop out in the lives of other people. I found three more examples that I could catch and photograph, and a dozen other probables, or near misses.

One day we had a group of visitors from another Club. They stuck close together and our Fellowship Chairman was absent. Before we sat down to eat, one of our members remarked he believed he'd go and adopt one of the visitors for the meeting. If we all did that, he said, everybody'd have a better time. But he didn't do it. Why? Oh, he guessed he better not.

Another time, we had a get-together with six other towns and each Club strutted its stuff. One man got up and talked for our Club on youth activity. He spoke of the days up to two or three years ago, when he was Chairman of that Committee. He ignored outstanding work done by his successor. I'm sure it wasn't deliberate. It just didn't occur to him. He had been called on for a youth talk, and he told his own story. Afterward the man sitting next to me said he was going to the more recent Chairman and tell him that, even though his effective work wasn't mentioned, the members of the Club appreciated that he was doing a good job. But this

*Obey that impulse: Pop those new ideas on your Club!
A change now and then is good for the best of men.*

man drifted into the hall right after the meeting. Wasn't he going to tell the present Chairman he was doing well? Oh, he guessed he better not.

And then there was that new man who showed up in town. Just the type our Rotary Club should have grabbed, straight off—and his classification was open, too. How many of us, I wonder, thought of suggesting him as a member, only to guess we'd better not? Well, three years later someone did bring him in—and it was a brand-new member who acted, at that—but think of the fellowship the other man had missed, needlessly, meanwhile.

I KNOW, looking back, that in our Club a program was stuffy when it could have been alive, an outworn Rotary activity was repeated, our hospitality was blunted, a good worker lost a pat on the back he deserved and maybe needed, and we nearly lost a valuable member, not because nobody thought of these things, but because they just guessed they better not.

Members of other Clubs say they have the same trouble.

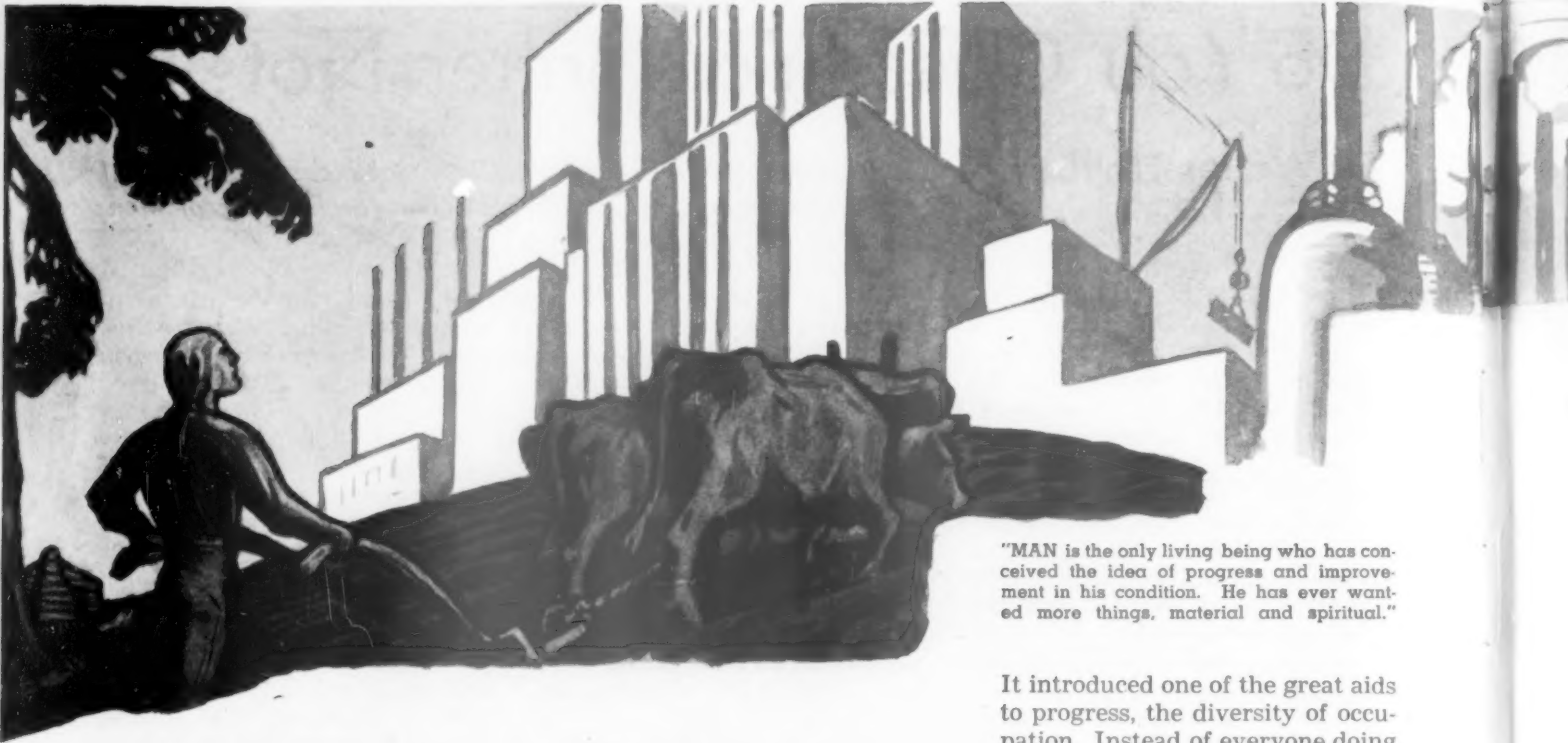
It's the impulsive things that make life interesting, I guess. The chances are that if we do the impulsive thing, the good will far outweigh the bad.

In the bright new world to come, I've decided to launch an Association for the Abolition of Guess-They-Better-Notters.

There will be no officers, no headquarters, no letterheads, no dues—just members.

But we'll have room for unlimited numbers of 'em.

Guest **E**ditorial 



"MAN is the only living being who has conceived the idea of progress and improvement in his condition. He has ever wanted more things, material and spiritual."

Needed: Post-War Capital

By James Truslow Adams

American Historian and Economist

CAPITAL. Capitalism. These words for many in recent years have acquired a sinister, almost a criminal, connotation. Yet capital has been so important to the advance of any society in the past, and I believe must be in the future, that it is absolutely essential, if we are to think in clear terms of a post-war world, that we get behind the word to the thing itself, the reality, and see what it is.

Capital is what is left over as a surplus after effort has supplied immediate needs, and which may prove of use later. The surplus may be tangible or intangible.

To picture this fact simply, let us take a savage who lives chiefly on fish. He has made a catch sufficient for the day with his hands. He then takes time off to think, and an idea comes to him of a spear or a net. Another savage may eat the flesh of animals, and concoct the idea of a bow and arrow. These two thinkers get food with less time and trouble than the other members of their

groups. They have a surplus and do not have to spend all their time and strength getting food for each day.

They have more time to think. As they use their minds, they learn to think better. They devise more things. They get tired of some of their discomforts and think up better ways of life, such as a comfortable shelter, or fire, and cooked instead of raw meat or fish. The other members of the groups watch, and they want some of the results. They also work harder and try to think harder. Better tools and implements are made—the rude bit of stone on the first arrow becomes a beautifully finished and polished flint—luxuries arise, rude art. The savages who started first, slowly raise the standard of living and mind of all the rest.


There were three results of such primitive capital. It helped to make life safer and less dependent on the accidents of each day. It made it more abundant and tended to multiply itself by increase.

It introduced one of the great aids to progress, the diversity of occupation. Instead of everyone doing the same thing all the time to keep alive, one could fish or hunt, another could make the nets or arrows or boats—and so learn to make better ones—while another could think out problems, and so on.

The building up of capital was not, it should be observed, just the result of manual labor. With it went a bit of extra brains, a new idea of how to do a stereotyped job; the will power to make the innovator go without one thing so he could think about another; a something, whatever it was, that his fellows had never had. All these things made up the capital of the first emergent capitalist, just as they make up largely the created capital (not inherited wealth) of the successful men of today. The capital of neither an individual nor a corporation is wholly tangible, which is what makes impractical the suggestion of limiting the return on "capital" to 6 percent a year.

Consider any individual. I am nearest at hand and the one I know most about. So, take me. I am now a writer. I contribute, fortunately or unfortunately, quite a considerable number of thousands of dollars annually by way of income tax to the Treasury. What is my tangible "capital"? Well, I have an old portable typewriter I have used since I

Discussing a prime factor for a rebuilt world—
article No. 29 in the 'A World to LIVE In' series.



bought it when in the Army in France in 1918. Its market value is perhaps \$5. I use it on a rough table I threw together myself in 1920. Market value—nothing except as a souvenir. Also there are my books, several thousand volumes which might bring at second hand sale a few hundred dollars. I have some other property, such as a house, a car, some furniture, and savings, but these do not form part of my "plant" as a money-making concern to provide a living. So let us value my "plant" at \$1,000. If allowed to earn 6 percent, I would make \$60 a year!

But that is not all my capital. What else is there? Well, there is a certain twist of brain which helps me to do a certain sort of work. There have been will power and ambition which have made me want to get somewhere and know something. To have known many lands and leading men of our time is as definitely a part of my "capital" as my ancient typewriter and other tangibles. There are some 40 years' experience of all sorts of things—travel, the Army and study, diversified society, meetings with all sorts of people, and so on—none of which can be computed accurately on an income-tax return.

Precisely the same is true of corporations. Their capital is not simply the cost, original or replacement, of buildings and equipment; of inventories; cash on hand; etc. It is far more—or perhaps far less—than all these tangibles. It is the ability, knowledge—in current slang, the "know-how." It is the gauging of public taste, the getting along with the public and building up goodwill, the establishment of good relations and spirit within the organization, all sorts of intangible factors.

The simplest way to show the

truth of this would be to turn over two identical plants—a factory, railway, newspaper, or magazine—to two different sets of executives and see where each would be in ten years. If they were to start with an identical set of tangibles in each case, the results or success, for the company, its employees, and the public, unquestionably would be very different. One editor may ruin a magazine, whereas another may take it and put it in the big-circulation class.

I have in mind a certain great business corporation. The president of it gets one of the biggest salaries paid, but during the ten years of depression he kept the business going, did not have to discharge a single employee, and, without a break, paid 6 percent dividends to the stockholders. It is not too much to say that such a man is himself an asset, a part of the capital, of the company. Any prudent investor would think so.

Now, down through all history, what has capital done to make life better or safer or richer in enjoyments? We have seen, in one perhaps oversimplified example, how it started with the net or the bow and arrow and other early inventions. It increased the supply of food and the ease of getting it; it gave some assurance of a future supply; it raised the standard of comfort; it led to division of labor; and it opened the way for all aspects of the cultural life which required a surcease from the ever-constant struggle for bare existence.

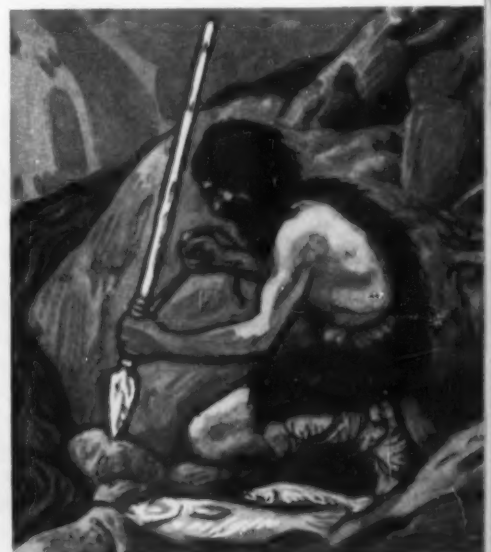
But its most important function has been to provide an incentive to man to rise and improve his position. From the earliest savage who found that by making some tool he could make life easier and more interesting, the creation and building up of capital in all its innumerable varieties have acted as a constant spur to man to make him go on. Man is the only living being who has conceived the idea

"A SAVAGE . . . takes time off to think and an idea comes to him of a spear or a net."

of progress and improvement of his condition. As he saw its possibilities, he has ever wanted more things, material and spiritual, and he has developed his will and brain to get them.

The development of the Western Hemisphere offers an excellent case study. Compare it today with the wilderness of three or four centuries ago, its farms and cities, its hospitals, universities, public schools, museums, research laboratories, roads, railways, cars, radios, planes. Where have they come from? From surplus capital; or from taxation which would be impossible except for the existence and continued growth of capital; or from the intense energy of the inhabitants to gain capital for themselves, and its benefits. The whole of the American Dream has been founded in the desire of all those who have come from other lands to "get ahead," to build a more rewarding life for themselves and their children, to make the most of themselves in every way, and to get and keep their reward.

The course of New World history has been almost incredible not only in speed and magnitude of material achievement, but in benefit to the common man. Its episodes flash by like youthful riders of the Pony Express, making their 240 miles a day with 14 relays of horses. Think of a few: the fell-



Illustrations by Wilfred Jones

ing of trees; the expansion of farms; the search for gold; clipper ships, racing to the Orient with sometimes ten minutes' difference in a trip of 80 days, and with bets of \$50,000 wagered on them; the prairies becoming a world granary, and cities and factories rising on them like magic; the land rushes, here, there, and everywhere as the Government threw empires open to settlement; the rise of the cow country and the cowboy; the discovery of oil, with its amazing fortunes for some and its vast gifts to many—the kerosene lamp, the gas engine, the cheap motorcar, the automobile industry supporting 7½ million people in 1942; the innumerable discoveries, inventions, new standards of living; a life of adventure, taking of chances, rising and falling, intensely mobile, free.

EVEN if a portion of the people are yet poor and backward, no other in the history of the world has had so many of the goods of life, measured by any standard—cars, telephones, laborsaving devices, free schools, medical service, museums, concerts, “elbow room,” absence of social and other barriers to their rising, freedom from Government restrictions, liberty to do as they please.

Of such are the fruits of capital. And capital, we should ever bear in mind, is not inflated money or debts. It is lands and minerals and crops; manufacturing plants and institutions of all sorts; the so-called “liquid capital,” which is money and credit of reasonable stability. It is all that and more, for with it must go skills—skills of workman, specialist, and executive; and a store of energy, ambition, hope of improving one's lot, and the will to rise.

Wars, no matter how justifiable they may be, destroy capital. And in this war it is being destroyed on an unprecedented scale not only by explosives, but by colossal debts with which we are mortgaging future capital. So the unprecedented need will arise, when this war is won, to build again the capital which has been lost.

Judging by all the long past of the race, we must rebuild capital if we are to rebuild the world. Specific forms may well be different in many respects in the future

and in various countries, but during all the long ascent of the race from the savage to the 20th Century, the mainspring which has driven us on has been capital. It has been to society what gasoline is to an automobile.

So I firmly believe that in any planning of a post-war world we must provide as one of the fundamentals of making it go at all, a restoration of the destroyed capital. Care should be exercised to see to it that taxation does not force us as individuals and nations to live on capital instead of building up more. Income and inheritance taxes can be so high that they reach the levels of confiscation and destroy the chance—and incentive—for accumulation. Artificially low interest rates can make saving not worth while for young or old.

Without accumulation beyond the needs of the moment there will be no supply of venture capital with which to undertake new enterprises to provide goods and employment, or endowments for hospitals, colleges, and all sorts of other things. Private enterprise will be doomed and the Government, which has no money except what it takes from the people and no brains except what it recruits from the people, and less initiative than individual people working freely for themselves, will have to run everything.

Will Government bureaus accumulate the needed capital with anything like the speed with which ambitious adults would when each was striving, as in the past, to build itself up? To go back to our savage inventor and emergent capitalist, would the race have come up as it has if, from the very beginning, the individual had been allowed to gain no individual benefit from his extra work and thinking for himself, but had to do everything for the common benefit of all and under tribal supervision or duress?

America tried that sort of thing at both Jamestown and Plymouth in its first days, and it al-

most wrecked any possible success for each of the little colonies. As both Captain John Smith and Governor Bradford noted, plenty and progress came only when every man was put on his own. Queen Elizabeth, in one of the greatest periods of English history, understood it all well. She did not build navies or expand the life of her “half an island,” as her powerful enemies contemptuously called it, with Government money. She had none. She gave her subjects their head, let them take their chances, and saw that they got and could keep their rewards. She beat her enemies, and England became an empire.

The situation seems to be fraught with the greatest danger. To rebuild the world, not only materially but spiritually, is a stupendous task. It may prove too great for us to accomplish, though I believe we shall. But with all the known difficulties to be encountered—trade, policing, feeding, boundaries, all on a far vaster scale than were met at Versailles—it would seem to be the height of folly and a plain invitation to lasting disaster if to these we added a deliberate repudiation of all history and of human nature as its traits have been discernible through the ages since man began.

WE do indeed need a better ordering of society than we have had, a fairer division of the goods which science may provide for us, and a more equitable balance between all classes and sorts of men according to their abilities and contributions. However, just as at Versailles time was a controlling factor, and there would have been nothing to settle if some things had not been settled quickly even if wrongly, so, in the freshly planned world there may be no goods to divide if we destroy, in the vain hunt for some utopia, the capital and the individual initiative which through all the past have been the prime factors in producing any goods at all.

Here is our opportunity. New inventions and techniques are cascading from our laboratories. If we have the capital—which includes the will to use them wisely—we can raise the standard of living for all men to undreamed-of heights!

ANNOUNCEMENT

A World to LIVE in, reprinting 30 of The Rotarian's post-war articles, is now in its fourth printing. Orders (25 cents apiece) should be sent to The Rotarian, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.

China

Looks Ahead

*A statement about
post-war aims from*

Dr. Wei Tao-ming

Chinese Ambassador to the United States

THOUGH no one can doubt that the most difficult battles are still ahead of us, we can now see the end. The more strength we apply against the enemy, the sooner will victory come.

But victory alone is not enough. Our ultimate aim is to achieve a lasting peace and a better world.

It is necessary not only to establish the principles for which the freedom-loving peoples are fighting, but also to eliminate the germs of conflict between nations.



Confucius

In this war the Chinese people have no other ambition than to hold what rightly belongs to them and to share in the work of building a better world for all peoples.

For a deep sense of brotherhood together with a genuine concern for the welfare of others have been cherished by the Chinese people for many generations.

Perhaps more than any other man, Confucius exercised the most profound influence upon the people in bringing to them a world outlook and an international spirit.

Long ago he looked beyond national interests to the welfare of a world community.

In the Book of Rites he wrote:

"When the great way prevails, the world is a common state. Officers are elected according to their wisdom and ability, and mutual confidence and peace reign. . . . Wealth is not to be thrown away, nor is it to be kept a personal property. Labor is not to be



LAW-TRAINED Dr. Wei Tao-ming has been China's Ambassador to the United States since October, 1942. He is a former Mayor of Nanking, is a member of the National Reconstruction Commission, and from 1937 to 1941 served as Secretary General of the Chinese Cabinet.

idle, nor is it to be used for personal advantage. Under such a scheme of society selfish plans cease to exist and banditry and rebellion cannot arise. This is the age of the Great Commonwealth."

On the occasion of the New York *Herald Tribune* Forum last year, President Chiang Kai-shek expressed a similar thought in these words:

"China has no desire to replace Western imperialism in Asia with an Oriental imperialism or isolationism of its own or of anyone else. We hold that we must advance from the narrow ideal of exclusive alliances and regional blocs, which in the end make for bigger and better wars, to effective organization of world unity. Unless real world cooperation replaces both isolationism and imperialism of whatever form in the new interdependent world of free

nations, there will be no lasting security for you or for us."

If we wish to see a peace which will be lasting, there must be security and freedom for all peoples, and this can only be brought



Chiang

about if they will work harmoniously together in unity and in strength for the promotion of human welfare everywhere

A great beginning has already been made at Moscow.

The spirit of comradeship there present will not only provide another link in the steadily growing chain of good relations among all the United Nations now being forged on world battlefields, but has established a firm foundation for their mutual cooperation on a basis of equality in the tasks of peace.



HUB of the ORIENT

*Ingrained in the habits of
China's 400 million people
is a feeling for democracy
—a prime post-war asset.*

Dr. Chang-Lok Chen

Consul General of China at Chicago

IMAGINE New York City skyrocketing from 7½ million to 23 million people or Texas booming instantly from 6¾ million to 20 million residents.

Now picture that miracle as applying to the whole of 133 million people of the United States—an explosive growth of approximately 200 percent—and you will have an idea of the swarm of human beings who make up China: 400 million, at the very minimum. No one really knows how many Chinese there are; estimates by authorities reach as high as 550 million. But the generally accepted figure—popularized by a book title, *400,000,000 Customers*—makes China the most heavily populated nation in the world and socially as well as economically the “Hub of the Orient.”

Though it contains one-fifth of the world's peoples, China is not an overpopulated country. Remember, its total area, if you include Mongolia and Manchuria, is greater than that of Europe, or of the United States, Mexico, and Central America combined. Strangers think of this mysterious land as teeming with people like Belgium, with no chance for an overflow. That is not true. Unfortunately, there is great congestion along the coast and the rivers.

The Yangtze River is bigger than the Mississippi, and its valley is the most heavily populated river valley in the world. Some 350 million Chinese live in one-third of the land, but there is an abundance of sparsely settled territory, fertile and productive, to take care of the overflow. All that is needed is its “opening up” by modern transportation and other facilities.

The four Northeastern Provinces, with 30 million people, are twice as large as Szechwan, with 46 million people. According to Dr. Tsang Chi-Fang, chancellor of National Northwest University, the interior Provinces could send 100 million of their excess population to the Northeast, which could support them nicely were its resources developed.

The trouble is not with the land—although vast areas of China have in past centuries suffered terribly from erosion—but with the primitiveness of living and working conditions. In some sections the Chinese have maintained the fertility of the soil for 4,000

years. On experimental farms, methods have been developed to overcome the washing away of topsoil in floods and its blowing away in storms. Production in grains and other crops has been doubled and trebled.

China's lack of development of its resources can roughly be compared to that of the American colonies in about 1785 or 1790. Nearly 90 percent of all Americans at that time were engaged in agriculture; hand labor required that many to produce enough food to ward off the specter of starvation. Now 320 million Chinese, or four-fifths of the entire population, are required to raise food—and at that parts of the country are occasionally subject to famine.

Only one answer exists for this food problem: modern machinery, modern methods, and improved varieties of crops, all producing an abundance of food and releasing vast amounts of labor for the industrialization of China. This must come if she is to take and hold her place in the family of nations.

Do not let me give you an erroneous idea, however, as to China's production. Her enormous resources of labor in part overcome the primitiveness of tools and methods, with the result that China produces and consumes more wheat than does America! Also she raises vast quantities of soybeans, sweet potatoes, and cabbages, which are more universally used—believe it or not!—than rice.

China gave the world oranges, persimmons, English walnuts, tung nuts, soybeans, the mulberry and many vegetables, medicinal plants, and flowers. Civilization also is indebted to the Chinese for gunpowder, silk, porcelain, paper, ink, printing, lacquer, the mariner's compass, kites, and a cotton gin.

In minerals, China is rich in coal, antimony, tungsten, bismuth, tin, manganese, and mercury, and she has extensive deposits of iron ore, lead, zinc, and oil. China has more mileage in canals than any other land.

The key to a great post-war China is industrialization. Dr. Sun Yat-sen (1866-1925), "the father of the Chinese Republic," projected a breath-taking proposal for 100,000 miles of railroads, half of the lines double-tracked; one million miles of hard-surfaced highways; waterways, harbors, industrial and agricultural enterprises, and mining. He looked to the day when swift rail and highway connections would be had with Russia and then with Europe; with India and the Near East. Though he died before his dream could be realized, there are a multitude of hands to carry out his vision.

When this war is done, when the peace-loving Chinese can turn

from destruction to construction, they will create far vaster fields of cotton and wheat than were ever known in the Orient. Great coal mines and steel mills will provide the sinews of industrialization, and mines will give forth metals both utilitarian and precious.

But Dr. Sun Yat-sen dreamed of more than China's economic welfare. On an unbroken tradition of culture extending back 50 centuries, he would rear a new civilization. Few Occidentals realize that China had libraries before the beginning of the Christian Era, and that she has produced more scholars than any other nation. In no land in the world is knowledge more revered than in China. Down to the most illiterate, poverty-stricken, and starved child, there is ingrained in the Chinese race a deep respect and hunger for knowledge. Even though an almost impossible alphabet, and the perpetuation of an ancient, stereotyped system of pedagogy retarded popular education, all classes of Chinese have that respect for truth and intellect which formal education fosters.

The break-through of the lines of illiteracy had well begun before the onslaught by Japan. Christian missionaries had set the pattern for China's modern schools. The renaissance of Chinese literature initiated by Dr. Hu Shih, one-time Ambassador to the United States, and the simplification of the language—the work of Dr. James Yen, a Y. M. C. A. secretary—have accelerated the infiltration of mass education into interior towns and villages. In 20 years, 20 million people have been added to the ranks of the literate. Chinese women have become the most progressive in the Orient. As someone has ably said: "The 400



DR. SUN YAT-SEN (1866-1925)—"father of the Chinese Republic." Son of a farmer, he was graduated from a medical school, evolved the idea of "people's sovereignty."

million Chinese are turning in their centuries-old intellectual models for new ones."

Many of China's leaders of today were educated in America on the income of the 50-million-dollar Boxer Indemnity Fund, which the United States returned to China 40 years ago and which China decreed should be used to educate young Chinese. But China herself has a number of excellent secondary schools. At the time of the invasion, 114 colleges and universities were serving approximately 50,000 students. Many of these schools are now closed or have moved to the interior, but when peace comes they will rise again.

It is significant that China's new constitution requires that appropriations for schools shall constitute at least 15 percent of the total budget of the Central Government, and no less than 30 percent of provincial, district, and municipal budgets. Educational endowments are safeguarded, and needy Provinces shall be subsidized by the Central Government to provide adequate educational facilities. That means nearly half the public expenditures in China shall go for education.

President Chiang Kai-shek, in spite of the superhuman burdens he has to bear in the direction of the war, is a zealous promoter of education throughout China even as the conflict goes on. For instance, [Continued on page 54]

Eyes on China

Since 1937, when World War II started for the Chinese, the world has been astounded by their ability to carry on despite prodigious losses of men, materials, and territory. Their reservoir of strength augurs for an important rôle in the post-war world, a fact recognized by the Cairo Agreement. . . . Currently, the Rotary Institutes of International Understanding are stressing the post-war contributions of China, as well as Russia, the British Commonwealth, and the Americas. The articles in this issue on China will be followed by others bearing on other Institute themes.—The Editors.

Pearl S. Buck on

Understanding the Chinese

WHAT seems to me the greatest difference between Orient and Occident is that they are logically unlike, and what seems to be their greatest similarity is that they are emotionally alike. That is, we think differently and we feel the same. All differences in external ways are the result of this difference in thinking and this similarity in feeling.

Let me illustrate very simply: If you gave a Chinese and an American artist the same materials and told each to paint a picture portraying the same obvious object, the result would be entirely different. The feeling in both would be the same provided the subject were simple and obvious enough. But the idea, the mental conception behind the emotion, would be different, and usually so different that to the casual observer the emotion would also seem to be different.

Other concrete examples: An American son would leap into the water to save a stranger, without thought, probably, of his parents. Indeed, his parents would be proud of him, and would consider him a hero. If he lost his life, it would be a melancholy comfort to them that he lost it in saving someone else. Thus by his death he might even bring honor to his parents. Not so a Chinese son. A filial Chinese son would remember his parents and would reason that his body belonged to his parents, not to a stranger, and that he therefore had no right to leap into the water at all. If he did so far forget himself as to think of the stranger as a human being and put out his hand to save him and thereby lose his own life, he would bring actual shame upon his parents. He should have had more control, he should have thought of his parents first, of their dependence upon him emotionally, of his duty to them all his life long. He may not risk his life so heedlessly.

Now no one will be so foolish as

to say that either the Chinese or the American son loves his parents better than the other. Doubtless they feel the same. But their ideas of what constitutes honorable behavior in the eyes of their parents is very different indeed. And each is equally idealistic, each equally anxious to conform to what he has been taught is the highest behavior for a son.

In the Orient, therefore, a man will not easily become a soldier. There is no honor in fighting for a cause. There is no such thing as a cause. There are no authentic Oriental patriotic songs. Patriotism as we of the West conceive it is indeed beginning to filter into the Orient, but as an idea it is as foreign as the airplane. Indeed, the real Oriental attitude is that unless it is to save the family honor, the really brave man will resist emotional appeal, and will consider his duty to those dependent upon him economically and emotionally.

NOR is this lack of courage. The Oriental believes that it takes more courage not to fight than to fight. It is not an idle saying that of the 36 ways of escape the best is to run away. To him anything else is the behavior of a crude and barbarous person. The ungoverned man, the inferior creature, gives way to the impulse of the moment. The civilized mind takes thought and reasons and acts with prudence and with knowledge of the future. He is, in short, really courageous in refusing to be swept away by the ignorant and emotional mass.

What one has to remember is that these differences in behavior are not fundamental. That is, they are no more fundamental than the difference in clothes or food or any other external thing. They are promoted by the same feelings that make American young men rush to arms in defense of country or what they believe to be such defense. And the same feelings



"IT IS not an idle saying that of the 36 ways of escape the best is to run away. . . . Anything else is the behavior of a crude person."

which make any American ashamed if he is not physically brave to the point of recklessness. The feelings are exactly the same: the desire to do what is right—that is, what is socially approved. But the acts are diametrically opposite because the ideas of what is right are completely different.

Because ideas are so fundamental, because they are so often what is handed to each generation from the last, because however we in our time repudiate what has been given us yet we can never wholly escape what we have been given, so that there is always a body of fixed ideas in the life of any people, and indeed of any person, and no revolution can change this heritage at root, we should consider more fully this matter of ideological difference between East and West before giving thought to the matter of emotional likeness.

WHAT is the real root of this difference in thinking between East and West? As I see it from my years of life in the Orient and my few years in my own country, it seems to me that the two peoples begin thinking from opposite ends. That is, the Chinese reasons from the individual to the general, and the American reasons from the general to the individual. To us Occidentals the Chinese principles of living, the Chinese essentials of what constitute justice and righteousness, are drawn not from any idealism, but from thousands and thousands of individual cases. People by and large are so, say the Chinese; the human heart has such-and-such needs. Therefore, law must allow for these needs.

Even Confucianism, which is perhaps the most complete code of personal behavior which the mind of man has ever devised, was not based on any divine principle of God-given direction, but solely on the prudent taking into account of how, given the surroundings of family and State, emperors and neighbors, rich and poor, a man should conduct himself. But even Confucianism the Chinese have simplified.

It is a Chinese axiom that the best government is that which rules the least obviously. If a man must be ruled, disciplined, and punished, it is obvious that he is most justly dealt with by those

who know him best and with whom he is most directly connected. Therefore, let him be controlled and punished by the members of his own family, and if they fail, by his village. How can laws at some capital miles away suit his needs? He is measured not by an abstract law, but the opinion of his group, and if they approve him, he is not condemned; and if they do not, they will punish him.

The result has been the development in China of an astonishingly adequate system of local self-government, and no people have been more law abiding, according to their own laws, than have been the common people of the village and the countryside, literally because the law has been made by the people for the people, and the power of punishment has been local and immediate. There has been occasional injustice, where unjust men have had the power for a time, but such men have, I believe, come to a swifter downfall there than elsewhere because the Chinese will not tolerate such injustice long—that is, local injustice. They are the most democratic people in the world, and bear least patiently oppression from above. They have developed in a high degree the notion of individual right and freedom, as well as individual self-control, and they do not lend themselves easily to the concept of federalized law. There are no laws governing a Chinese' behavior to his nation or to strangers, for to these abstractions he has no relations. A man in his family must behave in certain ways if he is a superior man. So in his public conduct also if he is a man of superior education. If he is a common fellow, less is expected of him.

Chinese children are not taught that they are either wicked or good. They have, therefore, no sense of personal fault and sin. As reasonable creatures, they know when they have done wrong, but are not weighed down by a sense of personal worthlessness and inability to cope with ideas.

Thus is illustrated the *ought* in Western nature, that *ought* in the sense of duty unfulfilled, with which so many struggle. The Oriental, not so driven, has found peace without this activity. He is



"A MAN in his family must behave in certain ways if he is a superior man. If he is a common fellow, less is expected of him."

born and reared in tune with his environment and has enjoyed what he had without struggling for change or achievement. He is free inside himself, laughs easily and often. When he has produced in art, particularly, it has been out of a full heart, at ease with itself, and overflowing into expression rather than struggling to achieve expression.

The result is, of course, a gain and a loss. In the East the mass of people are better contented, even in poverty, than in the West. There are fewer nervous breakdowns, less mental disturbances, fewer fanatics and cranks of all kinds; more merriment, more simple and hearty enjoyment of life, less pressure upon individuals. There is also less signal achievement in invention and discovery. The perfectly adjusted individual does not feel the need to strive and achieve. It is a truism, surely, that most Western achievement has been because certain able individuals were unsatisfied, restless, and unhappy.

Fame in China is a danger and a curse. An individual who rises too high above the average is viewed with suspicion and alarm as an abnormal creature.

The truth is that of all Oriental and Occidental people, Americans and Chinese should best understand each other because temperamentally they are extraordinarily alike. I find, for instance, my life in the United States not strange at all. The same change-fullness, the same tendency to love today and hate tomorrow, the same love of pleasure and good food and luxury, the same tendency toward large lavish expenditure, generosity combined with an extraordinary and shrewd selfishness, the same love of all stories and and extravagant statement, the same disregard for accurate truth, the same huge love of a joke, the same swift emotional life, only in my country made secret by the American *ought* and in China channelled into recognized allowances for human nature.

I believe that these emotional likenesses and

differences are due not to race, for race is extraordinarily meaningless in explaining fundamental differences, but much more probably to geography. People living as do the Chinese and my countrymen in broad, rich, abundant lands, in continents really, on landscapes varying from northern cold to high mountains and tropical plains, come to be alike.

The element in us which is unlike—namely our ideas—exists simply because forefathers of Americans brought over with them from small struggling compressed European countries certain hard religious ideas, and the fearfulness of pioneer life enhanced the force of these ideas. But now, as our life circumstances more nearly approach those of the older Chinese people, as our population is increasing, our economic life is necessarily becoming more like theirs. Indeed this is already

true. Americans are in the transition stage between a new and an old people. The puritan right of their ideas is giving away, not necessarily to lower ideas, but to more human ones, at least.

The attitude of the average Chinese toward foreign peoples and foreign problems is exactly that of the average American. Upon American streets and in American life the foreigner is given the same treatment that he receives in China, the treatment of a careless person intent on his own affairs.

There is a good deal of cruelty in both peoples, a sort of childlike cruelty, mingled at the same time with a great deal of sudden good-humored kindness when it does not interfere with selfish instincts. For the Chinese, like the Americans, are primarily governed by commercial instincts, and as yet their business is always big and even their friendliness is often tempered by shrewdness.

They are full of life and gusto, physically vigorous, mentally alert, but not religious or poetic except in isolated individual cases. Indeed, religiously, except for the content of their ideas, the religious emotions of the American and Chinese are remarkably alike—that is, do not really exist. Americans and Chinese love to be amused and will forgive anyone if he amuses them. How sentimental they are, these Chinese and Americans! How they will sob over home and mother, and weep in their theaters, and how indignant they will become for a moment because of some slight; and how if they are angry enough for a moment, they will take a man out and hang or behead and then in an instant forget all about it and do nothing at all until they are angry again.

And how they adore pretty silly little women. Chinese men too sit and moon over the femininity of a Hollywood doll!



Illustrations by Thomas Handforth
"CHINESE men too sit and moon over . . . a Hollywood doll!"



BORN IN China and long a "Y" head there, the author has survived 400 air raids. Here he (left) surveys damage in downtown Chungking.

Rotary Carries On in Indomitable Chungking

By George A. Fitch

Immediate Past President,
Rotary Club of Chungking, China

"AIR-RAID shelters provided." That inducement to attend next week's meeting appears as a footnote in every issue of *The Gorges*,* the bulletin of the Rotary Club of Chungking. And more

times than I care to count or remember have my fellow Rotarians and I had to avail ourselves of those accommodations. Enemy bombs are no respecters of the Thursday-noon "tiffin" hour.

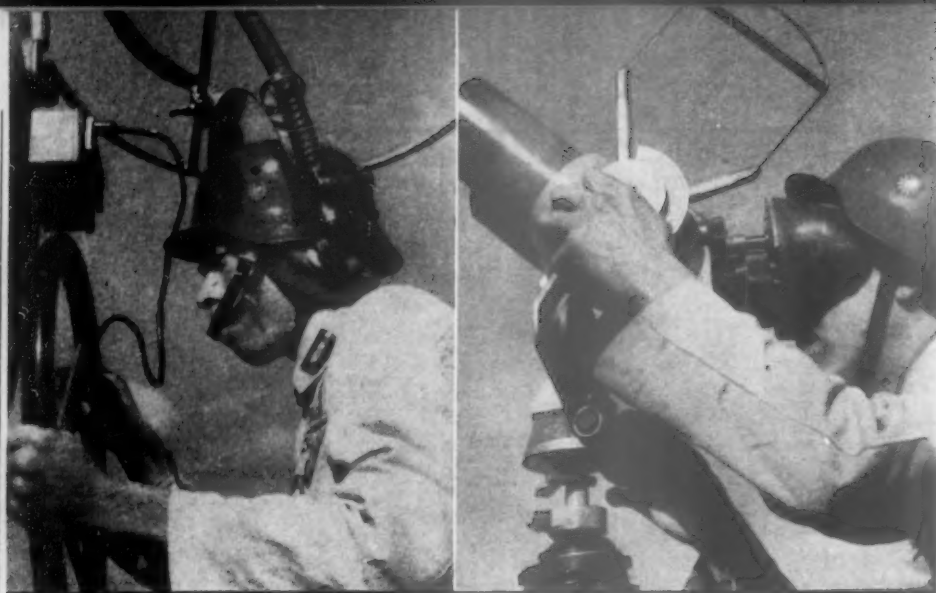
Life in Free China is not easy these days, nor does the Chungking Rotary Club find it easy to meet. We know what it is to jump up from our luncheons and rush for shelter in the caves that honeycomb the city. We have seen houses crushed as if pasteboard, human beings killed and maimed by the thousands. For months the enemy came over day and night—there were eight such days

* So named because Chungking is at the upper end of the world-famous gorges of the Yangtze River.

and nights when we had hardly any sleep.

In the 300 raids of the past four years, most of Chungking's buildings have been destroyed or badly battered, although many have been rebuilt in recent months during the comparative peace Chungking owes largely to General Chennault's gallant Flying Tigers and the handful of American Army fliers now helping to defend Free China.

During those first years, however, one after another of the places where we held our "tiffins" was bombed flat, or so seriously damaged that it could not be used. In one six-month period we ate our Rotary luncheons with chop-



"PLANES approaching!" First warning of impending attack on Chungking comes from the soldier at the sound detector. . . . Then anti-aircraft gunners train their sights on gnats in the sky.



THE SIRENS MOAN and set off a routine six years old: the calm trek of the people—books, bedding, and babies in arm—to the shelters. . . . This cave (below) has light, heat, and water.

Photos: China Film from Guillumette; Cancelliere from Acme; Kwang: International News



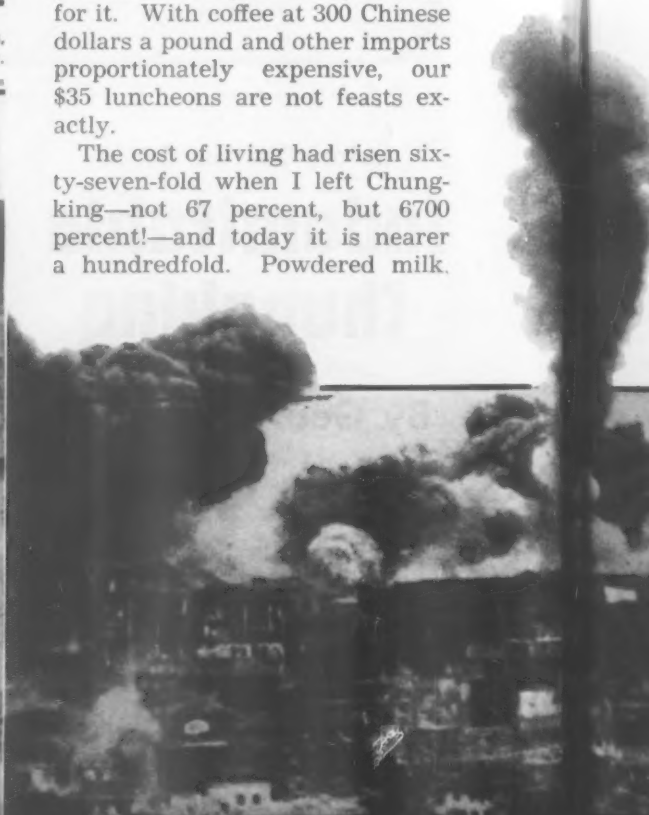
sticks, for we were then meeting at the headquarters of the New Life Movement, where only the simplest Chinese fare was available.

Recently we have been able to reserve the main dining room of the new Victory Hotel. Perhaps you picture a rather elegant hotel building, alive with war correspondents, gold-braided officers, and glamorous female spies. But the Victory is actually a pretty crude structure. The dining room seats but 50 people; its furnishings are of the most primitive type. Still, with a chef who knows how to cook Russian food, we get a fairly good meal each Thursday.

The cost of living in Chungking—as in all West China—has gone up between sixty- and a hundred-fold. Many of our members find it difficult merely to keep alive under such circumstances. Most Government offices, the banks, and some other institutions give their employees living allowances in addition to their salaries, but in spite of such help, even a Vice-Minister in the Cabinet receives so little—in comparison with what it costs to support his family—that he has to count his pennies.

When you have to pay out \$35 in national currency—which is only \$1.75 in the United States—for a Rotary Club luncheon, you think twice before doing it. And once you have laid out your cash, you neither expect nor get much for it. With coffee at 300 Chinese dollars a pound and other imports proportionately expensive, our \$35 luncheons are not feasts exactly.

The cost of living had risen sixty-seven-fold when I left Chungking—not 67 percent, but 6700 percent!—and today it is nearer a hundredfold. Powdered milk,



for example, sells at \$25 (U.S.) a pound. Such prices hit the white-collar class hardest, of course, because the peasants, who form 85 percent of the population, live on the land, and the industrial workers must be paid on a rising scale to assure the production which we must have.

Can this vicious spiraling of prices be stopped? Government officials are doing their utmost. Under Dr. H. H. Kung, Minister of Finance and an honorary member of Rotary, they have instituted vast financial reforms. They have fixed price levels. They are encouraging the purchase of war bonds. They are collecting taxes in kind—and with increasing success. If her allies awake to the gravity of the situation and give China the supplies she must have to survive, she may be able to solve this problem.

How to pay for his meal is, then, one of the first problems the Chungking Rotarian faces on Rotary Day. Another great problem is the terrific physical inconvenience of getting to meetings. Chungking, remember, is built on a high, rocky promontory at the confluence of the Yangtze and Chialing rivers—which means all of us waste much time simply getting from one appointment to another. Often this involves a ten-minute walk downhill to the river, a 12-minute ride by ferry across the river, another 15-minute hike up hundreds of steep stone steps on the other side, a ten-minute wait, and a 15-minute bus-ride to one's destination. Going to my office every day was, I estimate, the equivalent of walking to the top of a 45-story building and down again. Except for the ramshackle and overcrowded busses, there are few motor-driven

CHUNGKING takes it again
... will dig out tomorrow.



THE ALL-CLEAR has sounded . . . and out of a dugout step Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, symbols of intransigent China. (They dined shortly after their marriage in the author's home.)

Photo: © NEA Service



AFTER THE BOMBS, the search. The city supplies crude coffins free. . . . But life in Chungking goes on, and this health station (below), built by American funds, starts it well for many babies.



vehicles, and not many can afford to use the man-powered rickshaws or sedan chairs.

For about six months when the raids were at their peak, these obstacles blocked Chungking Rotary from meeting at all. On a few other occasions several weeks have gone by without a meeting. Yet with these exceptions Rotarians in Chungking have stuck by their guns and have generally managed, somehow, week after week, to hold their Thursday sessions. They are inspired, both Chinese and foreign members alike, by the ideal of Rotary and by a particular determination that Rotary, which has been blotted out under enemy rule in the great coastal cities of China, shall not be extinguished in Free China. I am very proud of our attendance in Chungking, because I know what great sacrifices are behind the regular records of almost every member.

TRAVEL today is anything but easy anywhere in Free China. You are fortunate if you find yourself on top of an overloaded truck that probably breaks down two or three times during the day. You may have to spend the night in a very humble inn on a brick bed—a bed that is perhaps pretty well inhabited by undesirables before you take to it. Once, heading a convoy of 26 trucks loaded with badly needed goods for the Chinese Coöperatives, I made a trip over the Burma Road—17 days in a Ford car, dodging enemy aircraft, and with the dangerous highway itself providing more thrills to a mile than any other stretch of road in the world.

We have never had any great problem in the matter of Club programs. Naturally, a great many interesting people come and go in a wartime capital—embassy officials, newspapermen, travellers from the war fronts or from Mongolia and Tibet, "experts" of various types. Too, our own members are interesting men, full of interesting things to talk about. At the last meeting before I left Chungking we had the Polish Chargé d'Affaires, speaking on "Poland Fights Back." The previous week we had heard from Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo, China's Ambassador to England.

Another nonexistent "problem" is finding opportunities for service, and outlets for such money as we can collect. I only wish those Clubs in America which have remembered us and have sent money for our relief work in Chungking could see what miracles their gifts accomplish.

Although the Rotary Club of Chungking is comparatively small—there are but 35 members—it is by no means a wartime innovation. It is a Club which I personally helped to organize about ten years ago. A member of the then flourishing Shanghai Club, I had little thought in those days of ever living in Chungking, or for that matter of any of the tremendous events which have since occurred in that formerly inaccessible city at the far end of the Yangtze Gorges.

Chungking's wartime Rotarians are a fascinating combination of the older residents and the new immigrants. George Findlay Andrew, First Secretary of the British Embassy, this year's Club President, is a noted "Old China Hand" who has been everywhere in China and knows the country as few "foreigners" ever do. Our Vice-President is Dr. David Kiang, a prominent local physician. The Secretary, Eugene Lichtenstein, a man of great wit, who composed the last two verses of our Chungking Rotary song,* is an ex-Austrian. Most of the eight Clubs in Free China are international in their makeup, and it has been our custom in them to alternate Chinese with foreign nationals as Presidents. Perhaps this is the place to name those eight Clubs—each a small spark kept alive by great effort, from which the light of Rotary will some day again take flame throughout China. They are: Changsha, Chengtu, Chungking, Foochow, Kunming, Lanchow, Sian, and Wuchow.

Of course, Rotarians in occupied China are scattered or lying low. I was in Hong Kong on a special mission the week before the attack on Pearl Harbor. Fortunately I got out of that ill-fated

* See the October, 1941, ROTARIAN, page 51, for the complete song, the chorus of which runs as follows:
*Chungking, famous Chungking,
Of all the world's cities the most unique thing.
Some folks think it's hilly,
But we think that's silly,
So "Wan Sui," here's to Chungking.*

city by one of the last planes. While there I had dinner one night with Lem K. Chu, general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in China and an ardent Rotarian. He lived in Kowloon, across the bay from Hong Kong. None of us could know, as we sat together, how close we were to great tragedy. Just five days later Lem, his wife, and four of their children were killed by a direct hit in an air raid. The oldest girl, in nurse's training, was at the hospital and was unharmed. A 10-year-old son was at school. The youngest of the family, like the child in the famous picture of the South Station bombing at Shanghai, sat in the midst of the debris which buried most of her family, unscathed and too young to understand. Lem Chu was a grand fellow, college educated, who had once lived as part of an American family in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Friendship had been his in America, but almost certainly it was scrap iron from America, flown in planes powered by American gasoline, that wiped out his life and that of his dear ones in that air raid.

Rotarian H. C. Mei, of the Shanghai Club, is lost somewhere in The Philippines, perhaps in a concentration camp. His son, Lincoln, is a second lieutenant in the United States Army. His lovely daughter, Julia—my goddaughter—was recently married in San Francisco.

THE problems of Rotary in Free China are only a miniature of the overwhelming and very grave problems that face the Chinese people today. Six years of war have taken the lives of 5 million. Between 5 and 9 million have died this year, or will die as the result of crop failures in the Province of Honan. Fifty million are homeless. Two million are orphans. Inflation spirals viciously upward, in spite of countermeasures. Hemmed in by the tightest blockade in the world's history, without planes to meet their enemy, without transportation to carry food to their starving people, and with all too little consideration from their allies, the Chinese are in desperate plight. Fortunately, Moscow and Cairo conferences assure us that China will not be forgotten.

Speaking of Books—

About China and its people . . . bird feeding, a perky porcupine, and a Martian fantasy.

By John T. Frederick

I HAVE often wished that I could find a book which would tell me clearly and at firsthand the story of the building of modern China. My wish is realized in *My Revolutionary Years*, the autobiography of Madame Wei Tao-ming, the wife of the Chinese Ambassador to the United States.* Madame Wei's experience goes back to the closing years of the Manchu Empire, in which her father was an official. While still a young girl she became an active worker for the democratic revolution in China; she knew personally Dr. Sun Yat-sen and other leaders of the movement, and was entrusted by them with important and dangerous missions. She was the first Chinese woman to become a lawyer, and the first woman magistrate in China. She has played an important part in the building of the Chinese nation.

My Revolutionary Years is good reading—so packed with exciting incidents and important events that it is hard to lay down. Madame Wei writes admirably—frankly and unpretentiously, informally, with a fine sense of humor often applied to herself. Her book seems to me both helpful and delightful—a truly excellent introduction to modern China for readers in other parts of the world.

In this time of many obligations, one of the most important—for thoughtful people in all other parts of the world—is the obligation to gain understanding of China and the Chinese people, for it is clear to all thoughtful people that the Chinese nation and the Chinese people are destined to play a major part in the future history of the world. For most of us, who have never visited China

* See page 11 of this issue for an article by Ambassador Wei.

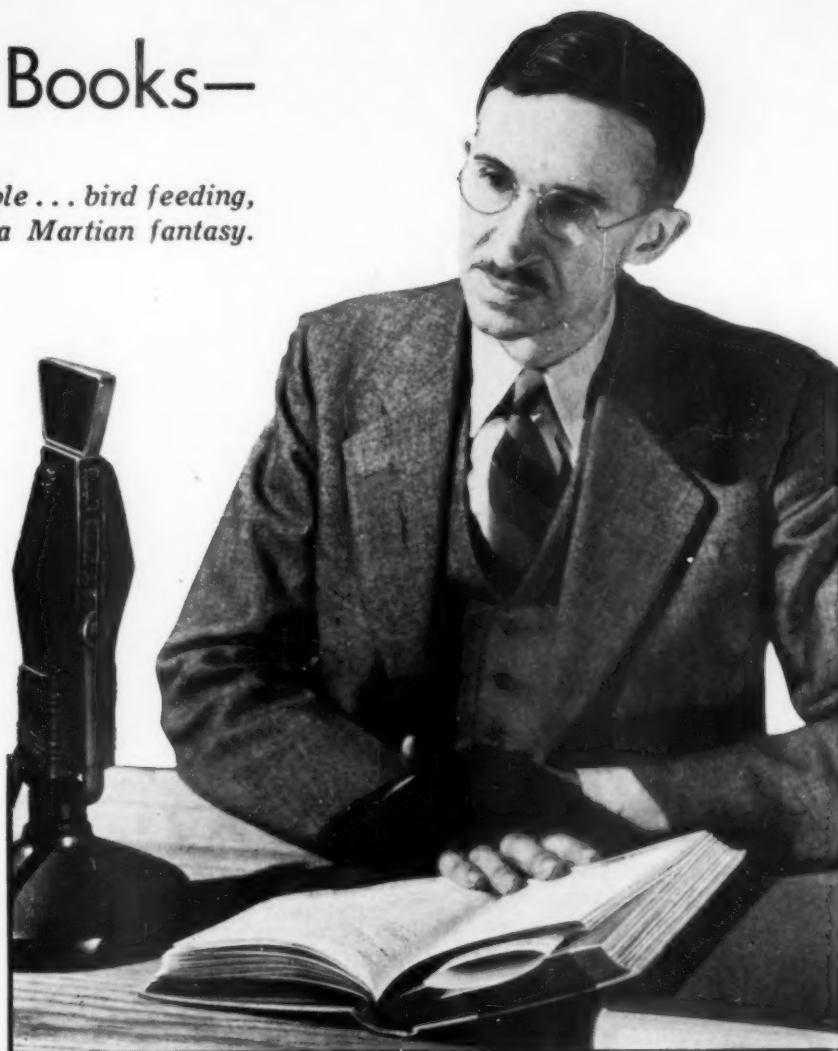


Photo: Keith

Editors' Note:

SINCE 1937 the resonant radio voice of Professor Frederick has regularly reported news "Of Men and Books." His scholarship is seasoned by authorship; by professorships at Pittsburgh, Notre Dame, and Northwestern Universities; and by life on his farm near Alpena, Mich., where he is a member of the Rotary Club. His *Speaking of Books—* succeeds *Billy Phelps Speaking*, conducted in these pages for six years by the late William Lyon Phelps.

and probably never will, this understanding has to come largely through reading. It is our good fortune that many and varied new books about China and the Chinese are at hand.

Understanding must be based on knowledge, knowledge as precise as can be obtained. First of all we need facts about the material resources of China and her potential industrial and commercial development as a great nation. Hubert Freyn's *Free China's New Deal* is based on seven years of firsthand observation and study. It is a clearly written and well-organized account of China's resources and potentialities, of the program of development undertaken in modern China, and of the effect of the war on that program.

The book contains useful statistical tables on such subjects as iron reserves, coal production, and output of industrial plants. A companion volume of similar importance is *China's Struggle for Railway Development*, by Chiang Kia-NGAU, Chinese Minister of Railways and more recently Minister of Communications. In direct and readable fashion this book tells the story of the growth of China's railroads, the financing of railroad development, the wartime problems of Chinese railroads, and the plans and prospects for the future.

Norwood F. Allman's *Shanghai Lawyer* gives sidelights on Chinese business and character in a highly readable narrative of 20 years of [Continued on page 55]

A small town proves that vision and enthusiasm—and not size—make Work Pile projects work.

CONVERSATION in Villa Grove, Illinois, these days generally starts with either of two topics; last May's record flood, when the Embarrass River hurled nine feet of water into the town's streets, or the post-war Work Pile project of the Villa Grove Rotary Club. And they are related topics at that, because the \$100,000 flood damage created the need for much of the work being lined up for Villa Grove servicemen when they return from the war.

One thing is certain: Villa Grove *knows* about the Work Pile. A canvass by high-school girls spread the word not only among the residents of this town of 2,500, but to scores of farmers in the surrounding rural area. Goal of the survey was to find the home, farm, business, and municipal needs of the community. Did the girls get results? Let some typical figures answer that question.

Already pledged are home repairs, remodeling, and refurnishing that total \$112,000—and not half the town's 500 homes have been surveyed! Main Street merchants will spend \$46,965 when labor and materials are available. Town officials plan \$212,000 in municipal improvements; blue-



L. V. SPRIGGS (extreme left), who guides Work Pile Committee, and President **P. O. Fogerson** (seated, right) complete survey details with other members of Committee.

prints are drawn and a site has been chosen for a \$180,000 sewage-disposal plant. And the county Farm Bureau advisor, Rotarian John Q. Scott, of near-by Tuscola, is making his own survey of post-war needs among Douglas County farmers. In addition, negotiations are under way with Federal authorities to clamp the unruly Embarrass River into a flood-control strait jacket, and that's going to mean many thousands of man-hours for local labor.

THIS detailed report form appeared in the local paper, is being brought into all homes as Villa Grove checks on its post-war needs.

"What we are planning for in every step we take," says P. O. Fogerson, drygoods retailer and Rotary Club President, "is *real* employment for our boys when they come back home. We want private enterprise to give them useful work, and then there'll be no call for any 'made work' or leaf-raking jobs."

And Villa Grove folks seem to feel that the town's Rotary Club already has this big assignment pretty well in hand.

—BY G. R. BLAKLEY

[illegible]

ROTARIAN G. G. Gains
directs the survey aides.



Home Repairs

JOYCE BUKER records this
homeowner's detailed list.



FROM ground level to
roof, there's much to
be done in Villa Grove
homes when Johnny
comes marching home.

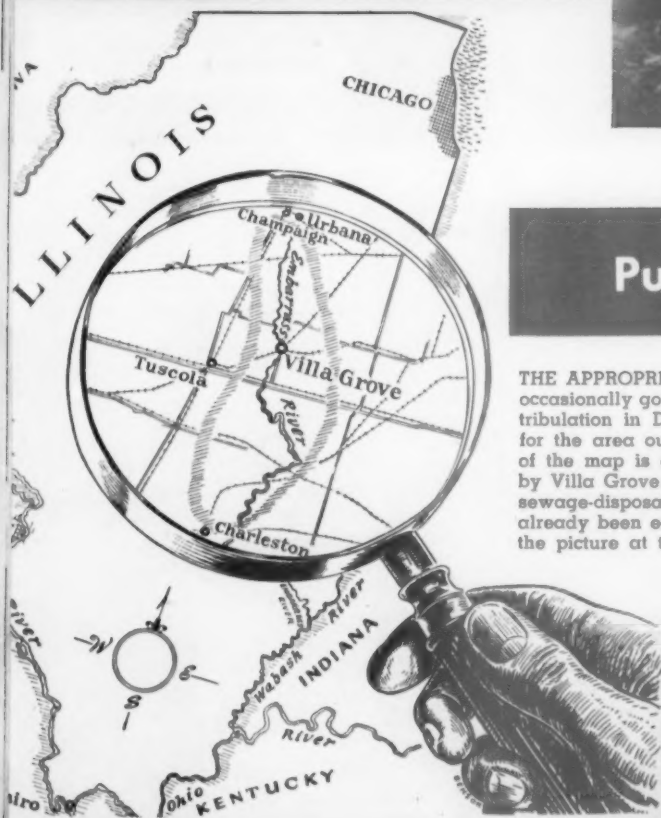


"PUT me down for a
new garage," Rose-
mary Arnold is told.

Down on the Farm



SHEDS to house farm machinery, new chicken houses, added fencing, are among post-war plans now being outlined by Douglas County farmers.



Public Works

THE APPROPRIATELY named Embarrass River occasionally goes on a rampage, causing deep tribulation in Douglas County. Flood control for the area outlined in the enlarged portion of the map is a post-war public work urged by Villa Grove Rotarians. So is a scheduled sewage-disposal plant, for which \$180,000 has already been earmarked by town fathers. In the picture at the right, the Mayor, Rotarian John Henson, points to the site of the proposed plant.



FLOOD waters caused \$100,000 damage in Villa Grove last May.





CROPS FAILED . . . and throngs of Bengal peasants flocked to Calcutta, where thousands of them, like this family, are dying on the streets.

Calcutta Rotarians Fight Famine

With free lentil gruel, they are rescuing many of the 90,000 poor in their city who face starvation.

SOME 90,000 persons are facing death from starvation in Calcutta, the metropolis of India and capital of the Province of Bengal. Crop failures in many areas of that Province—where, it is reported, 9,000 people starved to death in a single week—are the cause. Farm workers, odd-job coolies, and peasants from rural areas who refuse to sink to beggary are the most numerous victims of the famine.

To stem the mounting tide of deaths, the Government of India has launched an emergency food program . . . food-laden ships have pushed off from Australia for Indian ports . . . and local Rotarians have pitched in with a will and with a wisdom gained from long years of work with the poor (see *Beggary in India*, October, 1943, ROTARIAN).

What the Rotary Club of Calcutta is doing to ease the crisis was well told in a recent dispatch from that city by Guenther Stein, a special correspondent, to his paper—the *Christian Science*

Monitor. Wrote Correspondent Stein, in part:

The most outstanding work I saw was a free kitchen from Calcutta's Rotary Club run by an Indian barrister. Under the trees in a big square of one of the city's residential quarters, more than 1,000 destitutes grouped in a dozen "wheels" squatted on the lawn awaiting the moment when volunteer workers would start ladling 2½ pounds of nourishing lentil—onion and vegetable—gruel into everybody's eating pots. At the same time, every child was getting a full cup of good milk, provided by the American Red Cross.

There was no rush and no scramble, although it had been 24 hours since the last meal.

Feeding takes place every noon, when they gather from their pathetic temporary homes on Calcutta's pavements. Rotarians know well this is no solution to the fundamental problem even for the limited numbers they are to serve. But mere comparison of the appearance of thesefortunates with the destitution of others shows clearly how much one regular daily meal

helps. Rotarian wards, especially the children, put on some weight, are livelier, and frequently have some expression of hope and cheer on their faces.

All communal and cast prejudices are overcome. Moslems, Hindus, and various castes distribute food in unity on one side, eating together on the other, which is equally exceptional. "The disappearance of our communal differences, at least in this small spot, is in itself a worth-while result of our work," said one former volunteer. Meanwhile, the seriousness of the Province-wide food crisis is not denied in any quarter. Most are hoping for a salutary effect from exceptionally good rice crops, which will be harvested in December, at least in all areas where the famine did not force farmers to eat a good part of the seed grain.

Calcutta Rotarians operate their "Rotary Relief Kitchen" on funds raised both in and out of their Club. Many spontaneous contributions are pouring in from other Rotary Clubs throughout India to help them. Their largest day: 1,200 hungry people served.

What's to Become of Germany?

Two distinguished scholars, both exiles from Nazi-controlled lands, discuss the problem of reintegrating this nation of 70 million people in the post-war world.

Uproot Junker Military Spirit

Says Gerhard Schacher
Historian and Economist

WITH the signing of the Moscow pact and with the definite approach of Nazi Germany's defeat we are going to hear ever more and louder voices pleading again for a mild treatment of what are called the "poor, misled German people."

In the political and economic reconstruction of post-war Europe, the problem of Germany does, indeed, play a decisive part. It has to be solved intelligently and must be based on the experience the world and especially the European countries have had with German and Prussian aggression for centuries. I do not, of course, mean to imply that I would advocate any solution which was dic-



BERLIN-BORN, Gerhard Schacher became a citizen of Czechoslovakia in 1933. He was for years a correspondent for English and Continental journals, is among the foremost interpreters of the European scene in America today. He has written numerous books on history and economics, is widely known for his radio news-analysis program.

tated by mere hatred and which would not take historical and social factors into account.

Looking back on German history during the last two centuries, we find that Germany, even in her frontiers of 1914, was created by a great number of successful aggressions. Silesia was conquered by King Frederick of Prussia, whom the Germans call "the Great," by attacking the armies of Empress Maria Theresa in three wars, the last of which ended with the annexation of Silesia by Prussia. The same goes, to give only one of many pre-Hitlerian examples, for the Province of Schleswig-Holstein, which was taken from Denmark by aggression in the war of 1864. That war was started by Bismarck against the tiny neighboring kingdom of Denmark, which, incidentally, is one of the most progressive countries in all Europe.

Now, I don't think that every one of these conquests by aggression can be taken as the basis of a new drawing of frontiers. But to leave Germany in the possession of her pre-war frontiers would be to repeat the grave errors of Versailles, a peace which in my opinion was by no means too harsh, but far too soft.

Needless to say, there are true democrats in Germany. There always have been, and even the terrible oppression of the Hitler dictatorship has not done away with honest German democrats. Hitler's concentration camps, crowded with tens, nay, hundreds of thousands of men and women who suffer there for their democratic and anti-fascist convictions, are proof of that, as are the great numbers of political refugees who preferred to eat the bitter bread of exile rather than to betray their beliefs.

As one who has watched the political developments closely be-

tween the wars—and especially from 1918 to 1933 inside Germany proper—one fact seems to me all-important: The so-called German Republic, started chiefly under Social Democratic leadership, played ball with the military clique from the very beginning. Social-Democrats like President Ebert and Ministers Scheidemann and Noske gave orders to fire on the workers in Berlin and all big German cities who wanted a real revolution, a departure from the miserable German past.

These weak German leaders, who called themselves true democrats, worked hand in glove with the Junkers, who later put Hitler in power. Most of these leaders of the early Weimar Republic might have been honest. But only a fraction of those who voted for them were reliable democrats, the vast majority being political driftwood, people whom I saw later on joining the Nationalists and the Nazis. To repeat that experiment would really mean that we had fought World War II in vain.

After all, the true democrats are a small minority. If a democratic government were allowed to start just where the "democratic" government of 1919 had started once before, it would get some support, but that support was unreliable then and would prove unreliable in the future.

After all that we of the Nazi-occupied countries and of the nations suffering under Prussian-German aggression for centuries have seen, we may ask the question: Why is it only justice for Germany with which the German democrats ask us to be concerned? Why don't they ask for justice for Czechs, Poles, Russians, French, Dutch, Norwegians?

To give *them* justice, Germany has to be made powerless (and again I stress that I don't demand that out of a feeling of hatred

alone). We have to deal with the future, and after the great lesson of Versailles, which left Germany united and strong enough to fight another war, we must see to it that we can safeguard that future.

In the first place, Eastern Prussia ought to be given to a new and—as we hope—a better and more democratic Poland. This must be done, because Eastern Prussia is the hotbed of the conspiracies of the Junkers, the Prussian military clique, which must be liquidated by a sound partitioning of the enormous Junker estates.

This change may also be necessary because Poland will have to cede her former Eastern Provinces to the Soviet Union, these Eastern Provinces being populated mostly by Ukrainians and other peoples of the Soviet Union. The fact that these Provinces were torn away from the then weak Soviet Union by Polish aggression will make this solution the more necessary.

The heavy industries of the Rhineland will have to be isolated either by creating an independent Rheinisch-Westphalian State, or by joining it in some way with France, Belgium, and the Netherlands. Schleswig-Holstein ought to be handed back to Denmark. All that, of course, is nothing to be compared with the carving up of countries like Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia by Nazi Germany. But at least it could be regarded as a preparation to decrease the danger of new aggressions.

Civilization has nothing to do with political and military power. The Germans have talked a great deal about what they call German "kultur" under Bismarck, the Kaiser, and especially now under Hitler. The facts are that German literature, music, arts, and sciences were at their height when Germany consisted of a great number of independent States. Men like Goethe, Schiller, Beethoven, were certainly not products of a great united Germany, anxious for aggrandizement and increase of power. The small and independent German States before Bismarck gave great contributions to world progress. Certainly the same cannot be said of the Germany of the Kaiser and Hitler.

Austria, as stipulated in the Moscow pact, ought to become a sovereign republic once more as another proof that aggression does not pay, even when hidden behind the smoke screen of a common language.

But just as in the case of Austria after World War I, this writer wants to warn against creating new States which are not in a position to live. Just as in the case of Austria, which will become a stronger economic unit as it was between the wars, equally the new German States must be made "fit to live." A long period of education or a revolution will be necessary to make the German people understand the spirit of our modern age, the spirit of democracy. Germany never had a democratic revolution, which could have given the German people a new democratic tradition. Democracy has to be won by blood. History teaches us that thesis in France, in the United States, and in Britain, all of which won their democratic liberties by revolution against tyranny. No foreign country could do the job for them.

What has been called wrongly a German revolution of 1918 was a staged affair with the sole purpose of showing the Allies how necessary it would be to leave the military clique in powerful positions



FOLLOWING his reelection in March, 1933, to the German Reichstag, Gerhart H. Seger was taken into "protective custody" by the Nazis and placed in a concentration camp, from which he escaped to Czechoslovakia. He came to the United States as a legal immigrant, is now an American citizen. He edits a German weekly in New York.

for guaranteeing "peace and order." In fact, it was this position that made it possible for them to prepare for the next war of aggression.

In the final analysis, it might be a great German revolution—a real one, not a phony revolution of the 1918 brand—that will solve most of the problems of what to do with Germany after this war.

Democracy Can Rise in Germany

Says Gerhart H. Seger

Former Member of the Reichstag

WE ALL WANT lasting peace. Yet the peoples of the subjugated nations of Europe (including millions of Germans) also want revenge. But we cannot have both: a peace of revenge will not last.

That is why I oppose dismemberment of Germany when this war is won and favor reestablishment of the nation as an economic unit—under rigid controls. That is why I believe Germany should be given another chance at democracy.

Those who are pessimistic about fitting a defeated Germany into the post-war society of nations

present three arguments, saying:

1. Germany is all Nazi; Hitler is the logical climax of German history; Germany should be partitioned.

2. The Germans are unfit for democracy.

3. An entire German generation has been brought up under the Nazi regime, and cannot be reeducated.

All three arguments are wrong.

1. *Hitler is not Germany.* If he were, would he need to maintain the largest machine of terror the world has ever seen *against his own people?* Would he need a

Gestapo, which, with its auxiliaries, numbers 865,000 agents in *Germany proper*? Would he, in other words, need one agent to every 100 people if he had the support of a majority of Germans? And would he need 71 concentration camps in Germany alone? (The camp where I was a prisoner in 1933, Oranienburg, then had 1,800 prisoners; today in the same camp are 16,000.) It is my conservative estimate that 852,000 Germans have spent, on an average, one-half year in these camps in the past ten years. At least 93,000 of them have been killed or have died of malnutrition or of exhaustion from hard labor. The continual civil war the Nazi government must carry on against the German people is in itself a constant admission on Hitler's part that he has not the German people in back of him.

THUS, eager as I am to see all Nazi ringleaders punished—and I would interpret that term “ringleaders” liberally—I am not convinced that *all* the German people are guilty. Hitler overran Germany with the same brutal techniques he was later to use in overrunning other nations.

Since the partitioning of Germany would fail to punish those who are guilty and would oppress many who are not, it would solve nothing. It would, indeed, give fresh rise to the immature and primitive nationalism of part of the German people which is largely responsible for Hitler's regime. The “Balkanization” of Germany would only result in a yearning of the German people to unite again and would be an incentive for another war. Poland, to cite a historical precedent, has been dismembered repeatedly. In 1795 it was divided into three parts. Yet those three parts stuck it out for 123 years, remaining true to Polish tradition.

Many advocates of partition say we must isolate the Prussians. I know the sinister might of Prussian militarism, having battled it all my political life, but even in it I find no sound reason for dismemberment of Germany. To make anti-Prussianism a policy—and the Prussians form three-fifths of the German population, by the way—would be no more

defensible than the Hitlerian principle of making anti-Semitism a policy, and would raise more problems than it would solve.

2. *The Germans are fit for democracy*; to claim they are not is an unfair and unhistorical argument. It takes a much longer time than the 14 years of the Weimar Republic to transform a century-old nation of subjects into democratic citizens. Did Americans do it in 14 years? No; it took the American people 11 years to draw up a Constitution alone, to say nothing of the years it took them to put it into practice. Or take the French. The first French republic was begun by revolution in 1789, but it actually took the French people 82 years after that to get their democracy going. Why, then, should the Germans have done it in 14 years?

One of the faults of the Weimar Republic was that the Weimar Constitution—of which my father was a signer—was far too complex and advanced for the people. Untrained in democratic processes, they could not make full use of their opportunity. Next time the adjustment must be made gradually, carefully. But one cannot learn to swim unless he goes into the water. The German people cannot learn to govern themselves unless they are given a chance to do so.

3. *German youth can be reeducated*. The very one-track-mindedness in which they have been reared provides the starting point. They have been drilled, fanatically so, in a firm belief in Hitler's invincibility—moreover, in his infallibility. They have no idea about the outside world, no conception of how democracy works. When Hitler is beaten, their entire world will fall. That will provide the time and opportunity for their reeducation. That process of reeducation should be carried forward by German teachers, by all those whom the Nazis ousted because of their democratic convictions. But I personally should like to see the program supervised by an American team of three: a clergyman, because this difficult work will require infinite patience; an educator, because it will require the greatest educational skill; and an American top sergeant, because it will require some

stern and yet humane discipline.

What we shall need once the war ends is a prolonged armistice. That will deter us from burdening the peace with punitive measures, will give us time for reckoning. There are other reasons for a long armistice: the right of self-determination of all European nations requires that their people return home from their slavery in Nazi Germany. Hitler carried off from their homes 12 million foreign workers. To resettle them will take time. Furthermore, to avoid making the United Nations feed all of Europe, the remaining farms and factories should begin working immediately when hostilities cease. If we would settle the chaotic problem of restoring property titles before work is begun, years would be lost. Consequently, a European Reconstruction Authority should obtain provisionally all property, get it working again, and settle titles while working.

No matter what status quo we might choose to go back to—1938, leaving Austria with Germany, or the status quo of 1918, Versailles, St. Germain, Trianon, and Neuilly—we would have trouble; it could result in a European civil war. Therefore, we must try something entirely new and untraditional: a United States of Europe, established on the bases of a customs union and a common currency. Switzerland provides an example. We should apply its principles of democracy to Europe as a whole and make it the District of Columbia of Europe.

FURTHER, let us eschew a League of Nations reestablished on the former basis of membership of single countries; while supposedly a world-wide organization, the old League of Nations was burdened most of the time with a multitude of Continental European troubles. A new League of Nations, therefore, would better be built upon large continental subdivisions: Pan-America, the Soviet Union, the British Commonwealth of Nations, a Union of Asia, a United States of Europe.

Into that picture—into a United States of Europe—post-war Germany will fit well—if it is given one more chance at democracy and encouraged in its effort to make it work.

They Call Her 'Mom' Baker

Comedy nudges heartaches as she listens to her 'sons' at Chicago's Service Center.

By William F. McDermott

A WEARY soldier drifted into Chicago's noted Servicemen's Center, in the heart of the city's "loop," not long ago and stopped at a desk on the fifth floor, just opposite the elevator.

He dropped his pack and his eyes lighted up when his glance fell on the smiling face of a white-haired woman. She got up and warmly shook his hand.

"You look terribly tired, son," she said. "Here, lie down on this sofa and rest." She reached into a hidden cabinet and pulled out a pillow, tucked it under his head.

"Say, you're 'Mom' Baker, aren't you? I heard about you in Casablanca. All the boys said to look you up."

"Yes, I'm 'Mom,' but now you get some sleep, son. You'll feel like a new man."

"Thanks, 'Mom,' but will you wake me at 6 o'clock?"

She did, and after he awoke they talked. He was travelling all the way from Africa to California for a six-day furlough at home,

and on the train to Chicago he had suffered severe car sickness. He was exhausted when he reached the Windy City, and feared he couldn't go on.

"Mom" took him to the canteen, and filled him with hot soup and coffee, and arranged a box lunch to be put up for him to take on the westbound train.

That was just one of a myriad acts of kindness this widowed mother has performed for the countless thousands of servicemen who at the rate of 50,000 a week—more than 7 million to date!—pour through this center.* Literally from "the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli," "Mom" is known affectionately not only to America's fighting men, but also to those of Canada, England, and the other United Nations.

Her real name is Marie Norlin Baker, and she has two daughters,

* Maintained by the Chicago Park District, of which Rotarian George T. Donoghue is superintendent and Rotarian Virgil K. Brown is director of the recreation division.

one of whom is married to an Army man—and they met at the Servicemen's Center!

"But they did their own courting," she asserted emphatically, "because I'm no marrying mamma. But I admit I'm proud of my son-in-law."

Of Swedish descent, she proudly counts among her ancestors a diplomat who was secretary to King Oscar of Sweden. In her family line are many patriots of the Old World and the New, so her flair for boys in uniform is natural. Her friendly nature and warm smile, enhanced by beauty of features and locks, make her a "dream mother" for the boys, who shower her not only with confidences, but also with gifts.

Not long ago a soldier brought her a lovely corsage.

"Will you wear that today, 'Mom'?" he asked.

"Certainly I will, son, and be proud of it." She saw his eyes glisten.

"You see," he hesitated a sec-

ond, "my mother died last year. This is her birthday and I always gave her flowers to wear. I want you to be my mother for the day; I know she would want it, too."

Laughter and tears, comedy and heartache, tragedy and heroism, all have their moments in the continuing drama whirling and swirling about this "mother" to fighting men the world over.

"Mom's" desk is literally a "house by the side of the road"—past it all the boys must go on their way by elevator or stairs to the SMC lounge. All about are easy chairs, couches, floor lamps, flowers, potted plants, and a grand piano. "Mom" always has a supply of candy and cigarettes on her desk as a sort of "introducer." At her right hand is a sewing cabinet, filled with spools of thread, needles, buttons, chevrons, and what-not for a handy woman.

EAGLE-EYED "Mom" can spot a missing button or loose chevron in a flash. She offers to do a bit of sewing or mending—that's one way to strike up a conversation.

"Mom" will sing with the boys about the piano, perhaps jig a little—if they don't jig too hard—or play a game of checkers. But most of all they love—and she loves—just to sit and talk.

"Son, have you written home lately?" is often her first question to a boy. "It's the way to make sure you get letters."

"What do these boys tell me?" she anticipates your question. "Well, they tell me about their own mothers and dads and brothers and sisters—it eases their homesickness just to talk about them to a sympathetic listener. It seems to me I walk into their living room with them, take an easy chair, and get acquainted with all the folks.

"After their families, they mostly want to tell me about their sweethearts, their plans for homes of their own, what they are going to do when the war is over. They tell me their troubles, too. But that isn't all. I've had many a laugh with a boy when he tells me about the jokes he plays on others in camp."

"Mom" carries on correspondence with hundreds of them, too, and every mail brings her letters from the four corners of the earth.

She's a sort of "port of call" for boys who need a bit of encouragement. She noted something was bothering a Western lad as he wandered restlessly about the lounge. At a moment when he found her alone, he blurted out:

"'Mom,' I'm yellow." She didn't protest—she knew he wanted to talk it out. "I hate and despise myself. The Navy has issued a call for volunteers for submarine service and all my buddies signed up—all but me. I just couldn't. I tell you, I'm yellow."

"Not yellow, son, just distracted," she patiently told him. "The other boys were afraid, too, but didn't admit it. All you need to do is to quiet down and think things out, and everything will come out all right."

Mrs. Baker took him home that night to the apartment she shares with her other daughter. They kept him busy with pleasures and home cooking for two days. He had no time to brood. A couple of evenings after he left, he visited "Mom's" desk, his face wreathed in smiles.

"It's all set," he said. "I signed up for sub service today."

More than a year ago two Marines chatted gayly with "Mom" on the eve of leaving for the South Pacific. "I'll bring back a Japanese rifle for a souvenir for you," one of them promised her.

Last Summer one of the boys, now a sergeant, came back. "Mom" recognized him and called him by name—she has an uncanny memory and remembers thousands of the boys thus.

"We were in the scrap at Guadalcanal," he said, "and we both got nicked. My buddy got it worse than I did; he—well, he wasn't able to come back. We talked about you, 'Mom,' there in the fox holes, and he made me promise I'd visit his mother if I ever got back—and he told me to see 'Mom,' too."

He said the boy had "Mom's" picture with him when he went out. I discovered that nearly 1,000 soldiers, sailors, and Marines of my country's and other nations' armed forces carry "Mom's" picture with them constantly—some of whom have no mothers of their own and claim her instead.

One Texas sailor drifted up to "Mom's" desk one day. She saw

he was all "a-bust" to tell something.

"Can I talk to you about our ranch?" he said timidly.

"Of course," "Mom" replied. "I've heard about Western ranches—you're from the West, aren't you?—and they must be wonderful. I haven't seen one, but maybe you can make me see yours."

"I feel like I was in jail up here among the skyscrapers," the boy in blue went on. "You know, sorta caught in a trap. They're grand, but there ain't no skyline and it makes me restless to be locked in. I just feel like I've got to get away."

"Tell me about it," "Mom" urged. "That will ease your mind."

The lad drew a vivid picture of the range, the great herds of cattle, the bunk houses, and the days he had spent in the open in the saddle and with the lariat.

"I hated to leave my mother and dad and sis," he said. "But, you know, I hated to leave my horses, too. I had three of my own—'Calico,' 'Duke,' and 'High Pockets'—but I think I love 'Calico' best. They'll be there, though, when I get back."

The sailor went out whistling. A couple of days later he came back.

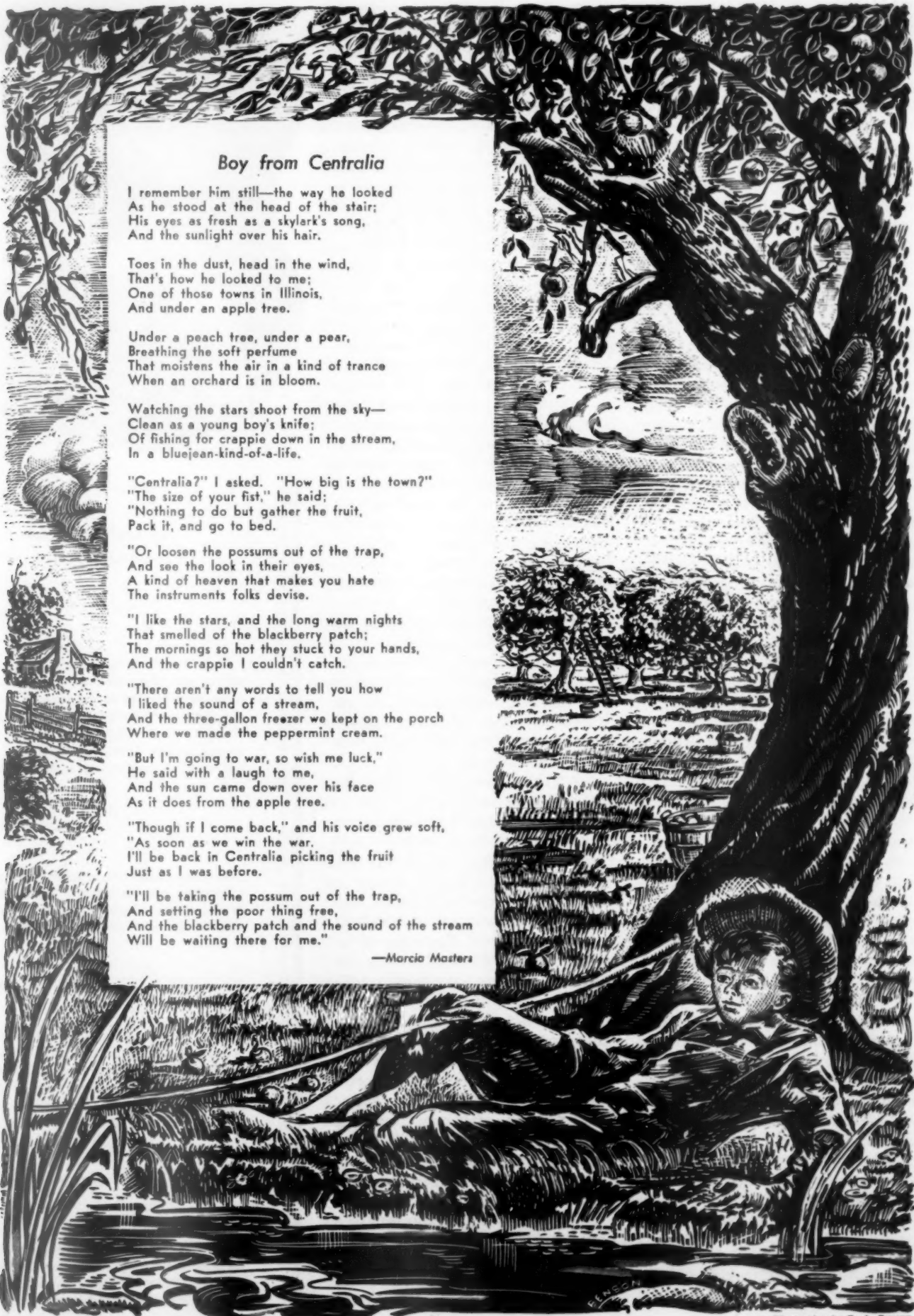
"SAY, 'Mom,' will you do me a favor? I've got a little girl down deep in Texas, and I—I—well, I guess—you know—I—I want to marry her. But I don't know how to propose to her. Will you write her and tell her how I feel, and ask her how she feels about it?"

"Mom" did, of course, and she must have been eloquent, because back came an acceptance—and now they're married!

One day an English lad of the Royal Navy stopped at Mrs. Baker's desk.

"I have a message from some of our men in Australia to give you, 'Mom,'" he said. "I was in Melbourne, and when some of the boys heard I was headed for the States, they told me to look you up and say 'hello.' My ship was torpedoed coming over, and all but nine of us were drowned. I'm glad I escaped—and am glad to meet 'Mom,' whom all the boys love."

One day [Continued on page 56]



Boy from Centralia

I remember him still—the way he looked
As he stood at the head of the stair;
His eyes as fresh as a skylark's song,
And the sunlight over his hair.

Toes in the dust, head in the wind,
That's how he looked to me;
One of those towns in Illinois,
And under an apple tree.

Under a peach tree, under a pear,
Breathing the soft perfume
That moistens the air in a kind of trance
When an orchard is in bloom.

Watching the stars shoot from the sky—
Clean as a young boy's knife;
Of fishing for crappie down in the stream,
In a bluejean-kind-of-a-life.

"Centralia?" I asked. "How big is the town?"
"The size of your fist," he said;
"Nothing to do but gather the fruit,
Pack it, and go to bed.

"Or loosen the possums out of the trap,
And see the look in their eyes,
A kind of heaven that makes you hate
The instruments folks devise.

"I like the stars, and the long warm nights
That smelled of the blackberry patch;
The mornings so hot they stuck to your hands,
And the crappie I couldn't catch.

"There aren't any words to tell you how
I liked the sound of a stream,
And the three-gallon freezer we kept on the porch
Where we made the peppermint cream.

"But I'm going to war, so wish me luck,"
He said with a laugh to me,
And the sun came down over his face
As it does from the apple tree.

"Though if I come back," and his voice grew soft,
"As soon as we win the war,
I'll be back in Centralia picking the fruit
Just as I was before.

"I'll be taking the possum out of the trap,
And setting the poor thing free,
And the blackberry patch and the sound of the stream
Will be waiting there for me."

—Marcia Masters

SOME YEARS AGO, in a city in the Midwestern part of the United States, a business dispute broke out between two Rotarians. It hung fire for months, and seemed headed ultimately for the courts. Then one of the disputants had an inspiration: Why not ask two or three fellow Rotarians to review and rule on the controversy? The other disputant agreed.

And thus it was that two Past Presidents of Rotary International, chosen as referees, drove 200 miles through a blizzard to sit down in this city with a third Rotarian referee and with the two principals to talk it all out. In the time it takes to smoke two or three good cigars, the referees reached a decision that satisfied both parties, restored their friendship, and saved them the tedium, cost, and illwill of a long court trial.

That is as apt and as simple an example of this increasingly popular thing called "arbitration" as any I know. And arbitration—the technique of settling economic disputes without recourse to the courts—is what this article is about.

Should it seem strange that a lawyer and a one-time judge* write favorably on this subject, I would explain that every enlightened lawyer and jurist I know endorses arbitration. They see its advantages in speed and cost; they know its standing before the law; and, believe it or not, they like to see people settle their own differences when possible without further cluttering crowded court calendars.

There is nothing new, of course, about arbitration as such. It dates back, I dare say, to the two Stone Age hunters who, fighting over the carcass of a Neolithic cow, grunted to a neighbor to come over and decide which end of it who was to get. But arbitration, as a technique, as a piece of machinery, has reached such a high state of refinement and organization and has become so readily available to everyone that it can now be used to settle anything from a dispute between a Cuban sugar refiner and a New York

candy manufacturer to a household husband-and-wife spat.

The one new thing in the picture—new to the man in the street, at least—is that today you plan ahead for arbitration. You do not wait, if you are prudent, until you are neck deep in a dispute with your employees, your customer, your partner, or whoever it be. You put yourself on record long before with them, and in writing, that, should trouble arise, you will amicably reach an agreement.

To illustrate, let me cite two stories I read recently. One day in 1940 a Mrs. G., of Trenton, New Jersey, sent a hand-crocheted bedspread to a laundry. She got it back just last September—after battling for it for three years in courts and paying out many, many times its value in legal fees. It seems she'd asked originally that the heirloom be dry cleaned. It was laundered instead, with results very distressing to Mrs. G. She'd asked the laundry for damages; it refused to pay; she had won a judgment in the District Court; the laundry appealed to the Supreme Court and then to the Court of Errors and Appeals. Mrs. G., as I have noted, ultimately won the last round of worrisome litigation, but by this time, as my source says, "the bedspread was indeed priceless."

Now the other story. Mrs. B., of New York City, sent a rug to her cleaner, who, when he found he had shrunk it six inches, tried vainly to stretch it and then promised to repair it. This he failed to do. Weary of waiting, Mrs. B. had a rug man patch in a six-inch length to the rug; then she went out of town. While she was absent, the cleaner, on his own volition, picked up the rug, added six inches to its length—and Mrs. B.'s troubles started all over. But Mrs. B. has a businesslike eye. She'd noted when she signed her original order to the cleaner that it contained an arbitration clause. Now she demanded arbitration, got it, won her claim for damages, and a few days later received a check for \$63—and her rug.

Neither of these housewives had expected trouble. Both got it—but a few simple words in a slip of paper saved the latter all the grief the former suffered for



Economic disputes, whether commercial or effort. Best way to combat them is to by writing into every contract arbitration these four recommended by the American

Standard Labor Clause

Any dispute, claim, grievance, or difference arising out of or relating to this agreement shall be submitted to arbitration, upon notice of either party to the other party, under the Voluntary Labor Arbitration Rules, then obtaining, of the American Arbitration Association and the parties agree to abide by the

Standard Commercial

Any controversy or claim arising out of, or relating to, this contract or the breach thereof, shall be settled by arbitration, in accordance with the Rules, then obtaining, of the American

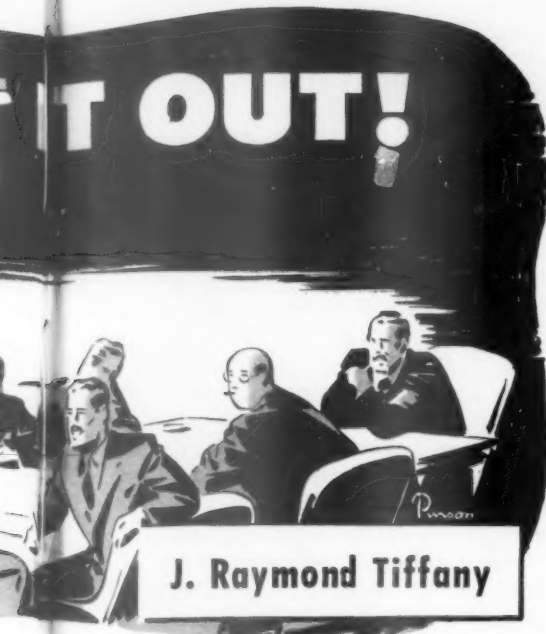
Inter-American Commercial

Any controversy or claim arising out of or relating to this contract or the breach thereof, shall be settled by arbitration, in accordance with the Rules, then obtaining, of the Inter-American Commercial Arbitration Commission. This agreement shall be enforceable and judg-

Canadian-American Commercial

Any controversy or claim arising out of or relating to this contract or the breach thereof, shall be settled by arbitration, in accordance with the Rules of Procedure then obtaining of the Canadian-American Commercial Arbitration

*The author has practiced law in Hoboken, New Jersey, for 25 years, has served as a District Court judge and as assistant attorney general of his State. He is a Past Vice-President of Rotary International.—Eds.



J. Raymond Tiffany

commercial or labor, menace the war
at this is to control potential ones
contract arbitration clause like one of
the American Arbitration Association.

rd Labor Clause

award, subject to such rules and regulations
as any Federal agency having jurisdiction
may impose. The parties further agree that
there shall be no suspension of work when
such dispute arises and while it is in process
of arbitration.

Commercial Clause

can Arbitration Association, and judgment
upon the award rendered may be entered
in any Court having jurisdiction thereof.

n Commercial Clause

ment upon any award rendered by all or a
majority of the arbitrators may be entered
in any court having jurisdiction. The arbi-
tration shall be held in
or wherever jurisdiction may be obtained over
the parties.

ca Commercial Clause

tration Commission established by the Ameri-
can Arbitration Association and the Canadian
Chamber of Commerce, and judgment upon
the award rendered may be entered in any
court having jurisdiction thereof.

lack of them. Moral: put an arbitra-
tion clause in *every* contract
you sign.

My friend Lewis A. Hird, of
New York City, a Rotarian well
known among Rotarians, called
arbitration "a design for prepared-
ness" as he told me the other day
how it has worked out in his own
trade—the wool industry. A wool
manufacturer and a piece-goods
buyer, he said, were recently at
loggerheads over \$27,000 worth of
woolen cloth. In the contract
they'd made long before, they had
inserted an arbitration clause.
They could now fall back upon it.

In a comfortable room high
above Rockefeller Plaza in New
York City they and their attorneys
gathered around a long table
which was strewn with bolts of
fabric, open brief cases, and stacks
of documents. Their eyes were
upon three men who sat together
at the end of the table. These three
—a dealer in piece goods, a cloth-
ing manufacturer, and a textile
banker—comprised the panel of
arbitrators; they had been agreed
upon by both disputants, would
hear the evidence, examine the
exhibits. It took them just three
hours to hear both sides of the
argument and to make an award
that was eminently satisfactory
to both parties. A case of that na-
ture could easily have covered a
year of time in court, could have
gobbled up thousands of dollars
in law fees and court costs.

I retell Rotarian Hird's story
not for its drama—there wasn't
supposed to be much in it—but
for its typicality of arbitration at
work. That meeting of wool men
happened to take place in the
chambers of the American Arbi-
tration Association, where hun-
dreds of such cases have been set-
tled every year—for 18 years. It
could have been held anywhere
else. All you need, virtually, to
arbitrate a dispute is a table and
some chairs, one or two mutually
acceptable men in whose judgment
you have confidence, and a will
to talk it over and to accept the
arbitrators' findings as binding.

The American Arbitration Asso-
ciation, with its panel of 7,000
arbitrators scattered throughout
the United States, is a story in
itself, and one too long to tell
here, but I want to record in pass-
ing a fact I read some years ago

that speaks eloquently of the suc-
cess of its work. Of some 14,000
cases the A. A. A. had decided up
to that time, only six had been
appealed to the courts and in no
case had any of those six decisions
been reversed. The same story
told how it was not unusual for
a man who headed a several-
million-dollar company to sit as
an arbitrator in a dispute involv-
ing \$100 . . . and how one case in
which litigants spent more than
\$9,000 in courts later was success-
fully arbitrated for some \$1,900—
\$1,400 of it for stenographic serv-
ices.

Arbitration has progressed from
its primary stage to its maturity
and may be said to have come of
age. It has in the short span of its
existence as presently known
fully justified itself and estab-
lished its superiority over the con-
ventional process of litigation,
through:

1. The speed and economy with
which a controversy is settled.
2. The amicable relations estab-
lished rather than the hostility re-
sulting from litigation.
3. The prevailing equity, since
technical rules are scrapped and
arbitrators enjoy the wholesome
freedom from outmoded technical-
ities and precedents.
4. Implementation generally of
expert knowledge rather than the
guess of juries unfamiliar with the
problem.

5. Safeguarding privacy. (Far
more desirable than the triumph
of justice secured at the cost of
damage to reputation.)

Not only has the antagonism of
the courts to arbitration vanished,
but the former have found in the
latter staunch sympathizers.

In one case, *Czararikow vs. Roth Schmidt & Co.* (1922),
King's Bench (England) 478, a
strong Court of Appeals held that
an agreement not to arbitrate was
contrary to public policy.

The success of arbitration may
be imputed to the fact as pointed
out by Mr. Justice Story, of the
United States Supreme Court:
"The referees are not bound to
award upon the mere dry princi-
ples of law applicable to the case
before them, but may decide upon
the principles of equity and good
conscience and may make their
award" accordingly.

I have been writing, so far, of

voluntary arbitration. Compulsory arbitration, necessary as it may be in wartime in the field of disputes between management and labor, which is its only current application, is a horse of another color. It imposes arbitration whether or not the disputing parties want it—and if that form of control were to carry over into post-war years, it would jeopardize some of the very freedom for which we are fighting.

The National War Labor Board, which administers compulsory arbitration in the United States, itself seems to recognize it as a wartime expedient and even urges disputants to try voluntary arbitration first. A certain American manufacturer who faced a compulsory-arbitration proceeding with the union in his plant heard about voluntary arbitration in a round-table discussion at an Eastern university. Visiting the Industrial Arbitration Tribunal of the American Arbitration Association, he witnessed a case of voluntary arbitration unfold and conclude successfully, and then, inspired, he persuaded the union with which he was involved to agree to a voluntary proceeding.

"Conciliation" is another way of saying arbitration, and the 30 years' work of the United States Conciliation Service has produced a technique now recognized as a form of Government coöperation to solve labor disputes. Dr. John R. Steelman, Director of U. S. Service in the U. S. Department of Labor, recently told a group of executives how it works:

Conciliation moves its forces into areas of disorder and conflict at 24 hours' notice and with determination. Conciliation might be called the logistics of coöperation. We move quietly. Our evidence shows we move rapidly. And if we have a fair chance at a case, having notice of a problem prior to work stoppage, we keep production rolling in nine cases out of ten while grievances are being settled and the way smoothed for an agreement on differences. Our task is to get our man on the job on time before the wheels of industry have stopped turning.

On another occasion Mr. Steelman said:

One of the most valuable things of conciliation is that it brings home to both parties, as no other method can do, their basic mutuality of interests. Neither party can regard the settlement as anything other than its own. And, from the whole conciliation proc-

ess and from its function, both parties find it hard to avoid gaining a deeper insight into each other's needs and desires and a keener appreciation of their mutual dependence in our democracy.

It is my contention that buyer and seller, and employer and employee, can get along, and can work out their own difficulties without being forced to do so. And it is my further belief that once they strike a bargain, as in a voluntary-arbitration agreement, they keep it nine times out of ten. I can bring proof of that: 95 percent of the agreements or awards reached under the rules of the American Arbitration Association stand up without any reference of them to the courts for enforcement.

In 15 States of the United States voluntary-arbitration clauses—such as those presented on the preceding pages—are already enforceable. But whether or not it has that legal buttressing, voluntary arbitration works and sticks. Businessmen everywhere are beginning to see that voluntary arbitration is, as an editorial in a recent issue of *Arbitration in Action* states, "the most trick-free, open, fair, and final way of ending disputes, whether they be of some new post-war variety or the old brands which have always plagued businessmen."

Service through Business

As a Rotarian, it is my purpose:

To regard my business or profession as my opportunity to express myself to society, as well as a means to material gain.

To maintain the dignity and worthiness of my calling by the acceptance and promotion of high standards and the elimination of questionable practices.

To value success in my vocation as a worthy ambition when achieved as a result of service to society; but to accept no profit nor distinction which arises from unfair advantage, abuse of privilege, or betrayal of trust.

To recognize that any sound transaction must be governed by practices which bring satisfaction to all parties concerned, and to esteem it a privilege, in my profession or business, to serve beyond the strict measure of duty or obligation.

A statement approved by the Board of Directors in 1943.

And that's a fact recognized not only in my country, but throughout the length and breadth of North America and in many other parts of the world. Today machinery exists for the arbitration of any kind of international commercial dispute that might arise between, say, a Hudson's Bay fur trapper and a Buenos Aires fur merchant . . . or between a Mexican potter and a New York art dealer. That machinery is the Inter-American Commercial Arbitration Commission which sits anywhere in the Western Hemisphere. How it is untangling hundreds of transboundary disputes each year to step up the vital flow of war materials and other vital goods was told by Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney in the April, 1941, issue of this magazine.

Today the subject on everyone's lips is "reconversion"—the return of industry great and small to peacetime manufacture after the large war contracts have become only a hectic memory. And reconversion may bring problems greater and knottier than "conversion" did in 1941-42. It did after World War I. It is said to have taken an average of three and a half years to reach judgment in disputes that arose between the United States Government and contractors back in 1918-19 and some of the cases have not been settled even yet.

In the forthcoming days of reconversion, then, arbitration may play its largest rôle. If given a chance, it will. The alternative is years of litigation, worry, and great cost. "Legal provision should be made now," says Paul Fitzpatrick, administrative vice-president of the American Arbitration Association, "to permit by agreement the inclusion of arbitration as a valid means for settling disputes between any contractors and any Government agency."

Victory will solve a military problem; it will create a thousand human, down-where-we-live problems. As business and professional men, as Rotarians, we are behooven now to prepare for them. One concretely useful way to do so as is to look into this matter of commercial arbitration, use it today—and plan today to use it tomorrow.

Advertising: *A Good Citizen*

By Allen L. Billingsley

THOSE who have thought of advertising as no more than a business activity designed to sell goods must have observed that it has now achieved front rank among weapons of war. Estimates are that in the United States alone, more than a quarter of a billion advertising dollars have been spent by industry in direct support of the war effort—to push the sale of war bonds, urge the saving of fats, spur the collection of junk, explain food rationing, and so on.

There have been lapses from acceptable performance, because men who write and “okeh” advertising “copy” have their share of human nature. Charges of exaggeration, braggadocio, “winning the war single handed,” etc., have been made, and justifiably in some cases. But by and large, if we can believe reports from men high in Government, Army, Navy, and civilian life, *advertising has been a good citizen.*

It has not always filled the rôle of favorite son, however. A generation ago advertising was held in low esteem by many. Its “patent medicine” days had left scars in people’s minds, and its reputation for veracity was spotty. Then the present war brought to advertising an opportunity to demonstrate that, wisely used, it is a potent factor for social and economic good to the community. The chance has not been missed.

That this is so is in large measure due to the fact that advertising practitioners themselves have long recognized the importance of self-regulation. This realization crystallized, before the First World War, in an international “Truth in Advertising” movement sponsored by the advertising clubs

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which rallied support of the best and most progressive elements of the business.

In 1911, *Printers' Ink* magazine, after studying the possibilities of a law aimed at dishonest advertisers, drew up the *Printers' Ink* Model Statute, which made it a misdemeanor to publish an advertisement containing “any assertion, representation, or statement of fact which is untrue, deceptive, or misleading.” This statute is now a law in 24 States of the United States and modifications are in force in an additional 18.

In many North American cities, the Better Business Bureau, an organization of businessmen for the purpose of discouraging unfair commercial practices, has been instrumental in improving conditions. The Bureau code forbids misleading advertising, unfair competitive claims, disparagement of competitors, and deceptive statements in general.

WITHIN the advertising business the Association of National Advertisers and the American Association of Advertising Agencies have for years campaigned effectively against untruthful advertising. The latter organization is composed of agencies which prepare and place more than two-thirds of the advertising appearing in national mediums of all kinds. The “4 A's,” as it

is familiarly known, has from the first taken its stand squarely on the platform of truthfulness in advertising, without subterfuge.

The Federal Government has also been active in curbing many undesirable types of advertising. The Pure Food and Drug Administration, the Public Health Service, the Bureau of Standards, and the Post Office Department exert an important influence. Most active of all in this field is the Federal Trade Commission, which is ever on the watch against untruthful advertising. In 1941 the Commission examined more than 362,000 advertisements and over one million radio scripts.

Doctors, it has been humorously observed, bury their mistakes. But it is in the nature of advertising that it attracts attention. That is why leaders of the advertising fraternity continue their effort to put and to keep advertising, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion.

For advertising, like any business or profession, is constantly being weighed in the scales of usefulness. For a generation it has been steadily moving upward on the ladder of ethical conduct and service to society. Its own increasing acceptance of social responsibility and the broad confidence it now has from the public are happy auguries for the future.



Advertising —



THERE was little of it in the newspaper and none of it in the ether . . . but they *was* advertising when Grandpa was a boy. Plenty of it. Almost every board fence or barn wall bloomed with the riotous, rivalrous circus posters of such great showmen as P. T. Barnum, Adam Forepaugh, W. W. Cole, and the Ringling brothers. And every emporium store front on Main Street glittered with excited playbills.

But what Grandpa remembers even better than these was the advertising card. Tucked in with the product or handed out over the store counter, these small and colorful works of art proclaimed the virtues of everything from corsets to locomotives—and gave collectors of that day and this another item



MODESTY was no virtue in early "ads." Note how the "Fontaine Engine" blew its own whistle. . . . Yet daring for that day was the corset card. Grandpa's "pin-up" girl?

CELEBRITY "ads" are not new. These cigarette cards yesteryear pioneered them. And for 25 of them you received a large one free. Shades of the "box top" idea!





THIS newsie's paper had few "display ads." Photo-engraving which makes them possible was unborn.

WHEN GRANDPA WAS A BOY

chase and swap. The dozen cards shown here are typical. What made these cards and the posters possible was the rapidly improving art of lithography. It could reproduce anything any artist could draw—in all its colors. But, being slow, the process was not adaptable to newspapers.

"Truth in advertising" was only a hazy dream in those days. Had the high ethical standards and the strict food and drug laws of today come earlier, Grandpa's pa might have bought less junk, drunk fewer poisonous potions—and lived to an even riper old age.



IN AUGUST, 1910, at the constitutional convention of the 16 original Rotary Clubs, no provision was made for an official publication. In fact, doubts were expressed about having a publication lest it serve as an instrument of power in the administration of the Association. However, during the next four months there were many inquiries from the Clubs as to what each other Club might be doing. The Secretary (pro tem and part time) felt the need of a medium of information for the Clubs.

The situation was brought to a head in December when President Paul P. Harris felt the urge to send to the Clubs, both those that had formed the Association and the several new ones that had been organized, a message about Rotary and its development as he saw it. The Secretary (p.t.) agreed to mimeograph and distribute to the Clubs such a message if the President would write it.

When the manuscript was delivered to him, the Secretary (p.t.) found that it would make a rather bulky mimeographed job and the postage bill would be heavy, especially if the message were sent to each individual Rotarian, which seemed to be desirable. (The total annual per capita tax income of the Association was then only a couple thousand dollars.) The Secretary (p.t.) decided to print the message in pamphlet form and add to it some newsy items from the various Clubs. To assist in defraying the expenses of such publication, an appeal was made to Rotarians of various cities for their advertisements. The response was very gratifying.

With so much material before him, both editorial and advertising, the conception of a pamphlet expanded into something in the form of a small tabloid newspaper which shaped up into *THE NATIONAL ROTARIAN*, Volume I, No. 1 without any certainty that there would ever be another issue. The leading article was, of course, the message from President Harris, which was an interesting presentation of several viewpoints from typical types of Rotarians as to why they were Rotarians. There were

about 12 columns of Club activities, editorials, personal items, and some illustrations.

This little 12-page publication, 14 inches by 8½ inches, was mailed directly to each member of the then 20 or more Rotary Clubs. The response was immediate and pleasing. It probably was the psychological moment to do something to bind the Clubs more closely together as members of the Association and give each individual Rotarian a greater interest in the union of the Clubs. At any rate the demand was great for other issues of the publication.

The Secretary (p.t.), however, was unable to give the time to produce another issue until the following July, when the need of a communication to promote the second annual Convention (to be held at Portland, Oregon, in August, 1911) was evident. So in July, No. 2 of *THE NATIONAL ROTARIAN*, with a message from First Vice-President R. R. Denny, of Seattle, Washington, and news items from the Clubs, various other articles, and the very necessary advertising, was issued and again mailed to all individual members. By this time there was much discussion among Rotarians as to the future of the publication. There was no further opposition to the Association having its publication, but there was some difference of opinion as to its format.

The Convention at Portland voted that the Association should have a monthly publication of substantially standard magazine size with the Secretary (p.t.) as Editor and Business Manager, and each Club appointing an associate editor "to furnish news and advertising." It provided, furthermore, that every Rotarian in the United States and Canada should become a subscriber to the magazine and that thereafter it should be a condition of membership in a Rotary Club that the applicant would agree to be a subscriber to the magazine. The Convention voted an annual subscription price of 25 cents.

When the Secretary (p.t.) returned to Chicago, he wondered how, with \$750 (there were then about 3,000 Rotarians), he could produce and distribute 12 is-



About
Magazine

1911

A lot of interesting water has gone over the dam since a couple of young men started this publication 33 years ago this month. A good bit of it is recalled in this historical sketch.

By Perry Reynolds

sues of a standard magazine format. Everybody said it couldn't be done, and actually it couldn't. An appeal was made to the membership for advertising support, which came to some extent. It was a difficult situation, but finally in November, 1911, a modest little 32-page magazine with typeset cover made its appearance. Among other features it included a roster of the Clubs, which later developed into the present *Official Directory*.

Lack of time and funds prevented an issue in December, but the January, 1912, issue came out with 44 pages, including a photographic cover. It contained several articles, one on the establishment of Rotary in England, one on how concerns may get business even in hard times (America was then going into a depression), a collection of messages from President Harris, an inspiring lot of news from the Clubs, the roster of Clubs, and a directory of Rotary banks and lawyers.

A Quizzical 'Quiz' on 'The Rotarian'—by The Scratchpad Man

TAKE A WHIRL at these 15 easy questions. Score 5 points for your side for every one you get right—and don't look now, but the correct answers are on page 40. If your mark's 65 to 75, pin a rose on yourself. If 50 to 65, tear off the bud. If below 20, just stick the pin—and not in your lapel. Here we go!

1. The monthly circulation of "The Rotarian" when it began 33 years ago was 3,000 copies. Today it's 440,000 copies . . . 1½ million copies . . . 180,000 copies . . . 90,000 copies.

2. "The Rotarian" goes to about this many countries: 50, 19, 80, 114.

3. The average age of Rotarian readers of "The Rotarian" is: 35,

42, 49, 53, 69—but why go on? Your own Club may offer a clue.

4. The current series on post-war problems appearing in "The Rotarian" is called: "We Face a POORER World" . . . "A World to LIVE In" . . . "Remaking Our World."

5. "Peeps at Things to Come" is a regular feature reporting what's new in: movies . . . men's styles . . . peep shows . . . industrial science.

6. The regular monthly department presenting Rotary Club news is titled: "Rotary Around the World" . . . "Rotary Reporter" . . . "News from the Clubs."

7. You find a page of editorial comment in the same place in every

OUR Magazine



Again the shortage of time and money prevented an issue in February, but the March issue of 48 pages featured the story of the founding of the first Rotary Club (Chicago) as told to the Editor in interviews with Paul Harris and the other three men who met with him February 23, 1905, and agreed to start the Club. This story established February as the anniversary month of Rotary International. Beginning with the March issue the magazine appeared each month thereafter. The Secretary (p.t.)-Editor-Business Manager endeavored to improve each issue, but a 25-cents-a-year subscription and a few advertisements didn't provide the means to accomplish much. When the May issue had been printed and bound with its 64 pages, the discovery was made that there wasn't enough money on hand to pay the postage bill, so the printer had to trim half an inch off the bottom of each copy to reduce the postage.

As a means of making a city in which a Rotary Club existed better known to the Rotarians of other cities, and incidentally to provide an additional source of revenue for the magazine, a series of "city issues" was inaugurated with the May issue. The Rotary Club of the featured city provided the historical and descriptive articles about the city and the illustrations, including the design for the front cover, and the members of the Club contributed advertisements of their business or services. This series continued to run for several years. It contributed greatly to the development of the intercity fellowship among Rotarians. It was discontinued because of a belief that the local advertisers were not getting satisfactory returns from their advertising.

The 1912 Convention, being the first international Convention, dropped the word "National" from the title of the magazine, making it simply *THE ROTARIAN*, which it is today. This Convention also increased the subscription price to 50 cents, which was some financial help, but with it the subscribers naturally expected further improvements in the magazine. As new Clubs were formed and the older Clubs grew in membership, the circulation of the magazine increased, but necessary expenditures for better paper, more illustrations, etc., required more advertising income to balance the budget. President Glenn C. Mead, of Philadelphia, came to the rescue by appointing a General Advertising Committee, which induced a number of the Clubs to set up Committees to solicit advertisements from their members and the concerns represented by them. Soon there was a contest to see which Club could produce the most advertising for the magazine. With the appointment in 1914 of a member of the Secretariat staff as Advertising Manager of *THE ROTARIAN*, the work of the Club Advertising Committees gradually came to an end.

President Mead also appointed a "Committee on Official Publication," which was the first of the Magazine Committees in Rotary International. This Committee, serving in an advisory

capacity, contributed greatly to the further development of the magazine and made a report upon it at the next Convention which brought additional financial support from the membership of Rotary.

The Spring of 1913 brought two great disasters in the United States — a destructive tornado in Omaha, Nebraska, and great floods in Ohio and Indiana. These disasters were the first opportunity for Rotary Clubs to function collectively. A relief fund was quickly raised and money and supplies were sent to the stricken cities to be disbursed by their Rotary Clubs. The situation gave the magazine its first opportunity to cover a real news story—in fact, a couple of them—with special correspondents who reported in pictures and articles the results of the disasters and the relief work of the Rotarians.

At the 1913 Convention the Secretary (p.t.)-Editor-Business Manager became a full-time officer of Rotary International, which in one way didn't mean much change, for during the preceding year he had been devoting practically all his time to the work of the Association and its magazine. During 1913-14 the magazine kept growing in size, some issues getting up to 144 pages. (The November, 1914, issue bulked to 160 pages.) This was due principally to a demand from the Rotarians that each issue carry its full quota of articles, Club news, etc., in addition to any "city feature" section. The expenses of the magazine exceeded its income, with the deficit being met out of the per capita tax income of the Association. Recognizing the situation and being well pleased with the magazine, the delegates at the 1914 Convention increased the subscription price to \$1. Until then the Editor, with some part-time editorial and art assistance, had done all the work on the magazine. Now it became possible to plan to secure full-time editorial and art assistants.

The outbreak of the First World War in 1914 seriously interfered with the excellent progress the magazine was making to become an international publication serving both North America and

issue of "The Rotarian." But where in the magazine is that page: front . . . center . . . back?

8. The alleged humor department is called: "Nuts and Bolts" . . . "The Spur Wheel" . . . "Stripped Gears" . . . "Short Turns."

9. The chap who conducts the hobby corner calls himself: The Old Collector . . . The Goon . . . The Groom . . . Roe Tate.

10. "The Rotarian" carries advertising—but what is its stand on liquor ads? It does accept 'em . . . It doesn't.

11. Five of these six men have contributed articles to "The Rotarian": Cordell Hull, Igor Sikorsky, Winston Churchill, Sinclair Lewis, Arthur

Holly Compton, Mohandas K. Gandhi. Which one of them hasn't?

12. The color photographs used frequently as front covers are called: kodatrons . . . chromosomes . . . kodachromes . . . kant-runs . . . diatoms.

13. Advertising space, per inside page, costs: \$660 . . . \$340 . . . \$120.

14. Much stress is falling in current issues on a world-wide Rotary project called: The Stock Pile . . . The Wood Pile . . . The Work Pile.

15. "The Rotarian's" Spanish counterpart is called: "El Echo" . . . "Hasta Revista" . . . "Revista Rotaria."



A Magazine Committee in Every Rotary Club

WAY BACK in 1912, says Perry Reynolds, every Rotary Club (of which there were then 57) had a Committee which looked after local interests of Rotary's then new magazine—THE ROTARIAN. Now something like that is to be tried again.

Rotary's Board of Directors has approved a proposal that every Rotary Club in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, also in Ibero-America (4,215 Clubs) establish a Committee to be known perhaps as a "Club Magazine Committee."

The suggested composition of such a Committee is: three regular members, each serving for three years on a staggered appointment basis. Whenever feasible, the membership should include the editor of the local Club

publication and a local newspaper or advertising man. The President of the Club should serve as an ex-officio member.

The duties of these Club Magazine Committees might include:

1. General stimulation of reader interest in Rotary's official magazine—THE ROTARIAN (in English) and REVISTA ROTARIA (in Spanish).
2. Sponsoring "THE ROTARIAN Week"—the last week each January.
3. Arranging for brief monthly reviews of THE ROTARIAN and/or REVISTA ROTARIA on Club programs.
4. Encouraging use of THE ROTARIAN and REVISTA ROTARIA in the induction of new members.
5. Placing one copy of THE ROTARIAN and/or REVISTA ROTARIA on the rostrum at each Club meeting for the use of the speaker.

6. Securing "Fourth Object subscriptions" for REVISTA ROTARIA and special subscriptions to both THE ROTARIAN and REVISTA ROTARIA for libraries, hospitals, schools, club and other reading rooms, and also military camps. Also encouraging local libraries to maintain bound volumes.

7. Collaborating with the Editors of THE ROTARIAN and REVISTA ROTARIA in securing Club news items and photos and other material.

8. Coöperating with the magazine staff in making fact-finding surveys of reader interest, marketing data.

9. Encouraging use of THE ROTARIAN and REVISTA ROTARIA in the recruiting of new Club members and new Clubs.

10. Securing local publicity for Rotary Clubs on their weekly programs and other activities.

Great Britain and Ireland. The great majority of the Rotary Clubs being in the United States, the administration of Rotary International during 1914-15 and 1915-16 was almost entirely American and endeavored to remain so strictly neutral that it didn't seem to recognize a war was in progress. The magazine followed the lead of the administration. That was a war that seemed a long way from America and of little concern to Americans. In fact, reports of Rotary activities in Great Britain which came from the leaders and the Clubs there did not show much recognition of the war situation.

During the last six months of 1916 an occasional reference to the war crept into the magazine, and with the turn of the year "preparedness" was recognized as a topic of current interest. It was about that time that the Editor "started something" in the organization by using a modified form of simplified spelling in the magazine. Eventually he found it necessary to retreat from this advanced position and return to the regular spelling. When the United States entered the World War in April, 1917, the Rotary Clubs of the country joined heartily and patriotically and efficiently in the war effort and the magazine followed their lead. From then on the war effort dominated each issue of the magazine. There were no Rotary Clubs as yet on the Continent of Europe and all the Clubs were in countries that were allied or associated on the same side. This made it easy for the Association and its magazine to cast off all restraints and go all-out for the winning of the war.

In January, 1918, the magazine changed from its hitherto 6½-inch by 9¾-inch size to the larger 9¼ by 12-inch size. Before long it became necessary, because of the paper shortage, to use a much poorer quality of paper. Finally even newsprint had to be used, and it was December, 1921, before the magazine was able to return to a good quality of paper. In 1921 the subscription price was increased to \$1.50 and during the next few years the advertising income became greater. As a result, the magazine began to show a favorable financial balance, which has been maintained through the years.

During the period of its supporting the war effort and winning-the-war articles, THE ROTARIAN also manifested a growing interest in the post-war world. Contributors pointed out what Rotarians must be prepared for in the field of international relations. With the sudden ending of the war in November, 1918, more and more interest was shown in the establishment of permanent peace. The Association was concerned itself with the expansion of Rotary both in the countries where it was already established and in other countries, especially on the Continent of Eu-

rope. These activities gave the magazine much material of particular interest to Rotarians.

Along about this time the magazine began the publication of articles in Spanish in recognition of the development of Rotary in Latin-American countries. A book-review department was started and also a section of jokes. Experiments were made with fiction, including some serials. Occasional poetry appeared. During the "back to normalcy" '20s the magazine jogged along somewhat in harmony with the times. It didn't get any worse, but it didn't get any better. The Secretary-Editor was so swamped with the secretarial work of the rapidly expanding organization that he had little time for editorial work. The 1927-28 Board of Directors imported a new Editor from England. It was over a year before he was able to reach Chicago. He did his best to produce a better magazine, but before long resigned and returned to England.


There followed a sort of interregnum in the administration of the magazine. The 1930 Convention authorized the Board to appoint a Magazine Committee and delegate publication powers to it. Since then the Committee has given administrative direction to the publication of the magazine. The result, as readers know, is a Rotary magazine of distinction not only for its distinguished list of contributors, but also for its format, its illustrations, and its attractive general appearance.

"THE ROTARIAN Week" speakers wishing further help will be sent a packet of speech materials on request to THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.—EDS.

THE ANSWERS

—to the quiz questions on page 38

- (1) 180,000. (2) 50. (3) 49. (4) A World to LIVE In. (5) Industrial science. (6) Rotary Reporter. (7) Back. (8) Stripped Gears. (9) The Groom. (10) It doesn't. (11) Sikorsky. (12) Kodachromes. (13) \$660. (14) The Work Pile. (15) REVISTA ROTARIA.



Peeps at Things to Come

● **Sanitary Glassware.** Public health authorities are more concerned than ever regarding the spread of infection through improperly washed eating and drinking utensils in public places. Heretofore, hypochlorite solutions were used, but glasses so sterilized do not dry clear. A new germicide which requires only one part of a 10 percent solution to 5,000 parts of water not only completely sterilizes dishes, but glasses rinsed with it air-dry crystal clear. The solution has such a low surface tension that the water does not gather in drops, but drains completely from the glass.

● **High Deep Freeze.** Since the temperature of the stratosphere is so low, it has been suggested that fruits, vegetables, and meats might be "quick frozen" by loading them into an airplane or captive balloon and quickly transporting them to high altitudes to be frozen. Whether it would be economical or not is a thing yet to be determined.

● **Crepe Gloves.** A few women wear rubber gloves when washing dishes or doing other hand-soiling household jobs. Most of them prefer to use lotion or cream on their hands when the job is done. Now comes a cream that can be rubbed on the hands before such work is begun and removed when it is finished. It acts as a glove to protect the hands against dirt and grime. Women war workers report excellent protection. To work in a machine shop all day and still have a schoolgirl complexion and soft alluring hands at night is a cosmetic triumph.

● **Sitting Prettier.** Remember those hair-cloth settees of yesterday—and how they scratched? The horsehair stuffing in the coats we wore and the hair that came sticking through? But no more! Now the "hair" is nylon, vinyon, aralac, or some other synthetic. It is used not only for hair cloth, but for brushes—tooth, paint, and hair—for fishing leaders, and even for the cross hairs of optical instruments that used to be of spider webs.

● **Five-Cent Protein.** The United States Department of Agriculture has developed a new process whereby a billion pounds of proteins may be recovered annually from the alcoholic distillation of wheat for the production of synthetic rubber. Heretofore the protein went into the spent mash recovered after the fermentation and was fit only for stock food. By treating the crushed wheat with sulphite liquors, a waste by-product of the paper-pulp mills, the new process extracts the protein, before fermentation. The product looks like dried egg white and is satisfactory for

human use. It is estimated that the process will cut the cost of alcohol by 10 percent, thus saving the Government some 50 million dollars a year and at the same time giving us, at a cost of about 5 cents a pound, pure wheat protein for enriching bread and other food-stuffs and as a substitute for meat.

● **New Supergas.** "Triptane," the most powerful hydrocarbon known for use in internal-combustion engines, has been available for several years as a laboratory curiosity, costing \$40 or more a gallon. Now Dr. Gustav Egloff* announces its continuous production in a pilot plant at \$1 a gallon, or less. When new engines are properly adjusted to its use, this fuel will boost airplane-engine speed and climbing and lifting power half again over that of engines burning 100-octane gasoline.

● **Brighter Bomb Arresters.** A tragic war experience is that of being bombed by one's own planes. To prevent this possibility, U. S. military ground equipment is marked by brightly colored squares of cloth visible by planes two miles up. To keep them bright, these cloth patches are covered by transparent ethyl cellulose, which does not get brittle in Arctic cold or tacky in desert heat. This treatment also keeps the colors from getting wet and running.

● **Planked Steak Sans Steak.** The ability of goats, burros, and other animals to digest cellulose has long amazed men. A burro will leave oats to eat a wagon box. Some time ago it was predicted that chemists would either so modify cellulose as to make it digestible by man or else they would discover the reason a goat can grow fat on paper, and confer those same properties on humans. Partial hydrolysis of cellulose so that it can be utilized as a stock food and even by man has long ago been accomplished, but recently Dr. Gustav Martin reported that he had produced a chocolate-flavored syrup containing certain germ cultures which, if taken by human beings, would properly modify the intestinal flora and confer on us for life the digestive powers normally possessed by the goat. Then we, too, could digest leaves, grass, and even wood. Dr. Martin assured us that the cost of this treatment would not be more than \$2.

● **Haystack Chemical.** Farmers have long known that cattle fed on improperly cured sweet clover hay are apt to develop a fatal sickness. It used to be called "blood sweat." Professor Carl P. Link, of the University of Wisconsin,

* Research director of Universal Oil Products Company and president of the American Institute of Chemists, who contributed the article *Petroleum Goes to College* to the September, 1943, *ROTARIAN*.—EDS.

has found that it is dicoumarin in the spoiled hay that causes the trouble. The chemical is now synthesized, and Drs. Edgar B. Allen and Nelson W. Barker, of the Mayo Clinic, report its use to the American College of Physicians. Small doses are a lifesaver in preventing blood clots (thrombosis), especially in post-operative, pneumonia, and like cases, but larger amounts make blood so watery that it leaks out from the circulatory system, as happened with the cattle. Dicoumarin seems to work its magic even on clots already formed.

● **P.V.A.** No, that is not a new alphabetical agency, but refers to the "Poly Vinyl Alcohols." Chemists, you see, are also affected with "alphabetitis." P.V.A. is a water-soluble resin, so versatile that its uses vary from grease- and gas-proof coatings for paper to rubberlike molded articles, and from adhesives to "sizes" for nylon, rayon, felt, and paper. Characterized by exceptional toughness, it is now used in hose assemblies for airplanes and tanks, and oil- and grease-resistant papers and gloves. Also for printing-plate adhesives, emulsifying agents, waxes, resins, oils, textile "sizes," and many vital military articles. As an adhesive, it will soon replace mucilage on stamps, envelopes, and the like, for it will not stick before moistening even in humid climates. Films obtained by dipping or spraying to protect polished metal surfaces from tarnish and abrasion are being used. Few things ever discovered have a wider variety of uses than P.V.A.

● **Stronger Than Penicillin.** Professor H. W. Anderson, of the University of Illinois Department of Horticulture, has recently announced the production of a new germicide which he names "Clavacin." It is also obtained from mold, and Professor Anderson declares, "It kills all bacteria killed by penicillin, as well as some that are unaffected by it."

This department is conducted by Hilton Ira Jones. Address inquiries to Peeps Department, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1.

Photo: Eastman



VENOM from a tropic trooper's snake-bite wound is extracted with a vacuum pump molded from plastic. The pump, which operates under conditions of high heat and humidity, is devised to maintain suction without continual pumping, is light, will not dent.

Hospital HELPERS



"YOU'RE headed for a hospital!" my Chief barked as I came in with a batch of galley proofs for his desk.

I gulped. We've had our little differences, the Chief and I, but I had never thought of him as the violent type.

"It's the Elizabeth General Hospital, Elizabeth, New Jersey," he went on—and I could feel a little color coming back into my cheeks. "Look up Bertram N. Miller, President of the town's Rotary Club. Get all the dope on the 'corpsmen' there. Now get going!"

I got—and before long Rotarian Miller was explaining to me how the Rotary Club of Elizabeth had pitched in to lick the manpower shortage at the commu-

nity's hospital through a system of volunteer "corpsmen" who work in the emergency and operating rooms and with the ambulance detail.

It all started when the hospital superintendent, himself a Rotarian, told how men were needed to help with heavy work that nurses could hardly be expected to do. Elizabeth Rotarians named a committee, made the activity community-wide, lined up 30 volunteer "corpsmen," and then outlined long-range plans for training classes later on to take care of additional volunteers.

PRESIDENT Bertram N. Miller (at extreme right) and fellow Rotarians hear need of the "corpsmen" explained. (Above) Rotarian Austin P. Winters (note "V" badge) lends a helping hand with this accident victim.



The Scratchpad Man sees how Rotarians at Elizabeth, New Jersey, overcame a serious shortage of manpower.

Working in three shifts that run from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M., these men lift, carry, push, and shove heavy hospital equipment. They bring patients to the operating room, stand by as anesthesia is administered, manipulate the lights needed by the surgeon, return the patient to his bed—and then come back to mop up the floor. They drive the ambulance, handle its passengers. They operate laundry equipment. They help out in the mental-hygiene ward. And in addition, should any major disaster, such as an air raid, a plant explosion, or a transportation smashup, put an added burden on the hospital's facilities, the "corpsmen" are pledged to put in needed "emergency hours" to help out.

How do these volunteers like their task? You'll find the answer to that one in the photos on these pages.

—YOURS, THE
SCRATCHPAD MAN





DIRECTED by the emergency-room nurse, Rotarians serving on the ambulance detail are prepared for instant action. Standing by are two Rotarians from neighboring Cranford: Norman Gibbs,

of the Union County Park Police, and President P. J. Grall, whose Club aids in Elizabeth's hospital project. . . (Below) Husky Rotarian John Wittke contributes brawnpower to handling of this patient under a physician's skilled guidance.

Photos: (both above) Rotarian W. T. Cocker; (all others) Lyons





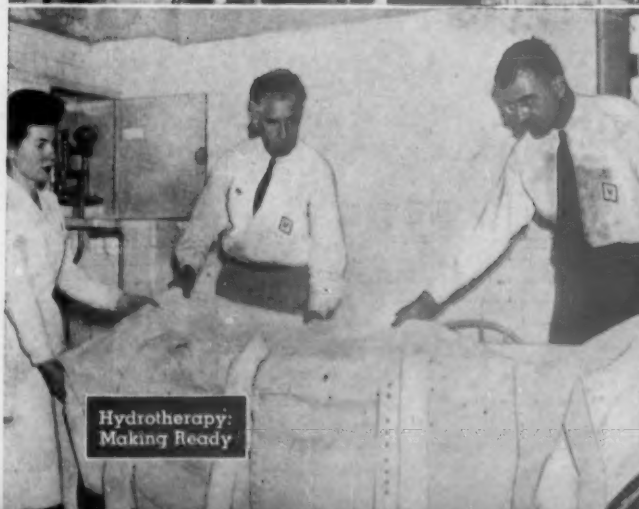
ASSISTING the doctor with the application of a splint, Club President Miller does his work with professional competence, judging from this little patient's fearless smile. The "corpsmen" have proved invaluable in replacing orderlies lost to the armed forces or to war industries.



Preparing for the Operation



The Patient Is Removed



Hydrotherapy: Making Ready



Good Clean Work in the Laundry

300 Listen to Forum at 'L. A.'

SOME 300 busy California Rotarians left their home-front war jobs for an afternoon recently to look beyond the war in a Rotary Forum stressing post-war problems held in a Los Angeles hotel. Two Vice-Presidents, two Directors, a Committeeman, and General Secretary Lovejoy of Rotary International headlined the program. What brought the sponsors—the International Service Committee of District 107—this windfall of Officers was the fact that Rotary's Executive Committee was meeting in the hotel, and President Charles L. Wheeler freely loaned his men for the affair. A Rotary reception for 28 Latin-American students and a banquet honoring President Wheeler followed.



HARRY C. Bulkeley, Rotary International's Vice-President from Abingdon, Ill., opens the Rotary Forum with an address on "Rotary

in the Post-War World." Other speakers discuss Youth Service, Rotary's Work Pile project, the services of the Secretariat.



SHARING speaking honors with President Wheeler at the banquet that evening is Film Star Leo Carillo (left), an American of Spanish stock. Here he meets the President, with District Governor Kenneth L. Payne performing the amenities. . . . At a microphone hooked

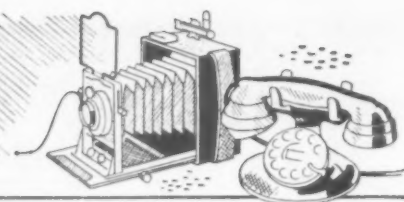
into a nation-wide chain, the President talks on "After Victory, What?" Beside him are Vice-President Carlos M. Collignon and Director J. E. Conklin. Present but not shown: Director John B. Reilly. . . . (Below) Some happy guests: 28 Latin-American students



Rotary Clubs
5,222

Rotarians
220 500

Rotary Reporter



Cubans Are Sailors' Hosts

Sailors from the naval base at CAIMANERAS, CUBA, are regularly contacted by Rotarians of near-by GUANTÁNAMO, who help entertain the visitors during their stay. The GUANTÁNAMO Rotary Club was one of the contributors toward a recreation center for sailors in that city.

Auction Raises £6,800 War Fund

What Rotarians of JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, termed an "American auction" netted £6,800 recently in an appeal for war funds. Basis of the auction plan is individual bidding at any figure, with the article at stake going to the person making the last bid prior to the ringing of a gong that signifies the competition for that item is over. All unsuccessful bidders are required to pay the sums they have pledged meanwhile.

Bring Movies to Army Men

Fifteen members of the Rotary Club of INGLEWOOD, CALIF., give up one evening each week to transport and operate motion-picture equipment for free performances which the Club gives at near-by Army camps. Because the men who make up these audiences are assigned to relatively small units required to be constantly on the alert, they cannot leave their positions to attend theater in town.

Clear Soldiers' Hall of Debt

Climaxing a two-year fund-raising campaign to meet the £4,176 cost of a soldiers' hall they erected and now maintain, Rotarians of WEST MAITLAND, AUSTRALIA, staged a rodeo and sports carnival which brought in the final amount needed to pay off all debts on the hall. Thousands of uniformed men have used the services of the center since it was opened in February, 1941.

Student Loan Fund Helps 40

Of the 40 young men who have received help from the student loan fund of the Rotary Club of KENMORE, N. Y., 18 are now in the armed services of the United States. Working with a capital of \$6,000, the Club has present loans outstanding of \$2,100, and reports that total losses to date on repayment of loans are less than 2 percent.

Hear Industrial 'Miracle Man'

Fabulous William S. ("Bill") Jack, of the amazing Jack & Heintz Company of BEDFORD and CLEVELAND, OHIO, attracted a record crowd when he appeared as guest speaker recently before the Rotary Club of CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO, recently. In one

Rotary Events Calendar

January 14, 15—Committee on Participation of Rotarians in the Post-War World meets in Chicago.

January 14, 15—Magazine Committee meets in Chicago.

January 17-21—Board of Directors of Rotary International meets in Chicago.

January 17, 18—1944 Convention Committee meets in Chicago.

January 21—Nominating Committee for President of R. I. in 1944-45 meets in Chicago.

of his extremely rare personal appearances the speaker told of the employee-relations program which has given his plants the highest production ratings, permitted a 42 percent lowering in the cost of essential war materials supplied the U. S. Government, allowed a voluntary refund of 14 million dollars to Federal agencies, while providing an average annual income of \$5,900 to company workmen, and attracting a waiting list of 41,000 applicants for the firm's 7,600 jobs.

Fare Well on Prison Fare

The near-by county prison farm was the scene of a recent meeting of the WALNUT CREEK, CALIF., Rotary Club. Preceding the luncheon program the Rotarians visited the buildings and fields of the 162-acre farm, whose inmates are allowed to work in

the district, where they are credited with saving the county's pea crop and helping bring in the pear, prune, and walnut crops. The Rotarians dined on the regular prison fare (which they pronounced excellent) and donated the customary price of the luncheon to the mess and canteen fund of the farm.

Bond Buyers Crack Quotas

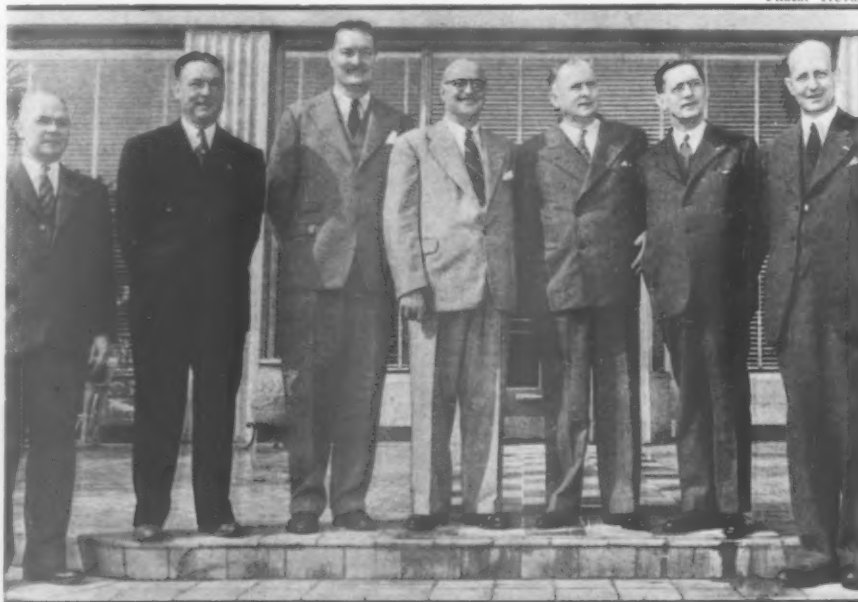
Headed by a Past President of the Rotary Club of MACON, GA., as chairman of the Third War Loan drive for 12 counties in the State, Georgia Rotarians helped top the district quota by 19 percent. Another MACON Rotarian served as county chairman, saw sales of \$6,300,321 reported, against a quota of \$5,628,200.

Planned by its Vocational Service Committee, a ceremony conducted by the Rotary Club of EDWARDSVILLE, ILL., was climaxed by the presentation of eight certificates of appreciation to war-bond sales leaders. Four of the recipients were members of the Club.

Top price paid in a war-bond auction arranged by the Rotary Club of MONTICELLO, ARK., was \$100,000 for the hat of the commandant—a Rotarian—of the near-by camp for prisoners of war. So successful was the auction that it helped push Drew County "over the top" by more than \$300,000. Before the donated articles went under the hammer, Rotarians presented a musical and speaking program in conjunction with a display of pictures of all county residents now in the armed forces.

"Passing the hat" without any pre-

Photo: Trevor



TIME OUT for Rotary's Executive Committee in session at Los Angeles, Calif. (From left to right) C. M. Dyer, President's aide; Commit-

teemen Reilly, Conklin, and Vice-President Collignon; President Charles Wheeler; Vice-President Bulkeley; and Secretary Lovejoy.



NOW CONSTANTLY ready for use is this resuscitator, given to their community by members of the Rotary Club of Crescenta-Canada, California. Already two persons owe their lives to it.

vious warning, PERKASIE, PA., Rotarians made a recent Club meeting yield an additional \$5,000 to the community's war-bond sales.

The 68 members of the ONEONTA, N. Y., Rotary Club subscribed for \$50,756 in war bonds at a single meeting.

Organized into teams named for American baseball clubs, Rotarians of GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., staged an intensive war-bond sales drive that accounted for \$6,655,000 out of Kent County's quota of \$19,500,000.

"Buy a Nashville-Built Sub Chaser," was the slogan of the war-bond campaign directed by the Rotary Club of NASHVILLE, TENN., which oversubscribed a quota of \$1,500,000 by \$800,000. Highlight of the fund-raising devices was a golf match featuring Bing Crosby, screen and radio star. Newspaper, radio, billboard, and car advertising were utilized; the city's largest department store devoted a large display window as a bond-selling site. On the opening day of the campaign a 100 percent subscription by Club members was announced, totalling \$78,000. The State war-bond administrator and the State chairman of the War-Bond Administration are both Past Presidents of the NASHVILLE Rotary Club, while the latter is also a Past District Governor.

Rotarians of IRVINGTON, Ky., helped with the auction sale that enabled that community to exceed its quota for the Third War Loan.

Swiss Clubs Back Essay Contest Prizes of 300, 200, and 100 francs are being offered to students for the best essays on the advancement of national agricultural economy in a contest being conducted by the Youth Service Committee of Rotary's 54th District (Switzerland).

This Is Really Hardly Rational First there were two huge platters heaped high with crisp, brown fried chicken. Then came overflowing bowls of feathery mashed potatoes, flanked by dishes of scalloped corn, baked beans, and spaghetti, and accompanied by rich fried-chicken gravy.

Huge pyramids of piping hot rolls, mounds of real country butter, a platter of cottage cheese, a bowl of green-apple sauce, dishes of homemade pickles and strawberry jam, tumblers of iced tea and cups of coffee, and, finally, ice

Surprise for Donors

When Rotarians of MONTICELLO, ARK., recently made a gift of a batch of magazines to Italian prisoners of war at a near-by Army camp, they were surprised to have them accepted by a colonel who had been a member of the Rotary Club of ROME, ITALY, until its dissolution in 1938. And, to add even more international flavor to the incident, reports a Club spokesman, the Italian Rotarian is the grandson of a Scot who settled in Italy, married an Italian woman.

cream and cake—that's the dream menu Rotarians of BURLINGAME, KANS., waded into at one recent meeting when an incredulous member of the Rotary Club of

TOPEKA, KANS., was their guest. The secret, in these days of rationing? The Club meets at the home of a farmer, and practically all food served comes directly from that farm. The price? Fifty cents each!

Club Publication Goes Bilingual All Rotary Clubs in Latin America now receive copies of *The Hub*, weekly bulletin of the ST. PAUL, MINN., Rotary Club—but here is the unusual feature in this gesture of international goodwill: copies destined for Ibero-American Clubs are printed in either Spanish or Portuguese, according to their destination.

Stoughton Likes Stoughton Gift Members who turned out for the 38th consecutive 100 percent attendance meeting of the STOUGHTON, MASS., Rotary Club heard from Rotarians of STOUGHTON, ENGLAND, writing to thank the American donors of a rolling kitchen and mobile canteen. Visiting balloon barrage men, antiaircraft batteries, and Canadian Army signalmen, the canteen brings luxuries and necessities to soldiers stationed miles from any shops.

Club Voices Yule Greeting When a TABOR, IOWA, Rotarian now in the armed forces, and stationed in Florida, receives his Christmas greeting from fellow Rotarians back home, it will be the next best thing to actual attendance at a Club session—for the greeting will be in the form of a recording of a recent meeting. Beginning with the singing of *America*, and continuing through the invocation and the fellowship songs, the transcription concludes with personal greetings from all the members present.

One Big Fund to Aid Charity Coördinating all their Community Service contribution projects, OMAHA, NEBR., Rotarians have recently established a Rotary Service Fund, which will raise needed money in a single appeal to the membership and allocate it to the various groups en-



OBSERVING Armistice Day, Ontario, Calif., Rotarians watched with unrestrained mirth as these veterans of World War I did "the manual" in the uniforms they wore back in 1918.

THIS HOMELIKE "day room" at Camp Kohler, Calif., has been equipped by the Rotary Club of near-by Sacramento. Here soldiers may read, play games, write letters—or just relax. Opening-day ceremonies included the presentation (below) of a dedication plaque by 1942-43 Club President Tevis Payne to Lt. Col. Cromwell, of the camp's 1st Battalion.



Photos American Red Cross



titled to Club support. With more than \$4,000 in cash and pledges to work with, the Rotary Club is confident that a larger total can be raised by the Service Fund method than through intermittent appeals for single donations throughout the year.

No Color Line at Youth Camp

Twenty native Afrikaans boys and 20 English lads who shared a farm camp at MAGALIESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, enjoyed a practical demonstration of interracial cooperation. This unique project is the joint effort of the JOHANNESBURG and PRETORIA Rotary Clubs.

Summer Campers Gain, Give

The 173 children who stepped on the scales at the beginning of their stay at the Summer camp maintained by the Rotary Club of New WESTMINSTER, B. C., CANADA, showed an aggregate gain of 1,000 pounds when they weighed out before leaving after a two-week vacation.

Boys of EDMONTON, ALTA., CANADA, who are annually the guests of the local Rotary Club at a Summer camp, this year voted to forward the \$1,000 their maintenance would cost to EDMONTON, ENGLAND, to be used for the benefit of boys there whose homes had been bombed.

Hail Even Dozen Incoming Clubs

An even dozen new Rotary Clubs, in both hemispheres, are welcomed this month into the fellowship of Rotary International. The newcomers are Paeroa, New Zealand; Garanhuns, Brazil; Wentzville, Mo.; Taubate, Brazil; Irvington, Ky.; Joliet, Que., Canada; Kolhapur, India; Lins, Brazil; Mildmay, Ont., Canada; Patna, India; Lanchow, China; St. Joseph d'Alma, Que., Canada.

Essay Winners Study in Mexico

Because they wrote the best essays on "Obstacles to Goodwill between the United States and Mexico—and How to Overcome Them," a boy and a girl of WESLACO, TEX., enjoyed

a Summer course at the University of Mexico under the auspices of the WESLACO Rotary Club. The scholarship contest is indicative of the emphasis placed on relations with Mexico as an International Service objective in District 129.

They'll Survey Entire Globe

If it soon becomes impossible to beg, borrow, or steal an atlas, a copy of the *Statesman's Yearbook*, or the *World Almanac* in GALESBURG, ILL., blame the Rotary Club there. Seventy-nine countries are on the list of "foreign land" assignments turned over to Club members. Each Rotarian will study up on the country assigned him and prepare a talk on his subject sometime during the Rotary year.

Egyptians Aid Men in Service

Despite their proximity to the actual fighting zone, five of Egypt's six Rotary Clubs are still active. Highlights of their current programs are: At ALEXANDRIA, giving prizes to deserving scholars, aiding the deaf and mute, playing host weekly to overseas Rotarians and sons of Rotarians in active service. . . . At CAIRO, extending hospitality to Rotarians from other countries who are now in military service and corresponding with parents of young men in service. . . . At ASSIUT, improving living conditions for the poor

in the city and its adjacent area. . . . At MANSOURAH, providing free lunches for poor children. . . . At ZAGAZIG, supporting welfare work among the fellaheen class and other needy persons in the community.

Cranston Goes Bilingual

If you should stop a CRANSTON, R. I., Rotarian or many another of his fellow citizens on the street with the query, "¿Habla usted español?" the chances are he'll admit proudly that he does speak Spanish—at least sufficiently to get by in a simple conversation. For now well launched in the community is a 14-week every-Wednesday course in conversational Spanish arranged for by the Rotary Club's Committee on International Relations. Participants pay only a nominal fee to cover essential expenses, the class being operated on a nonprofit basis.

Hear Story of Brazil Today

Brazil's social, economic, and financial situation today was described to Rotarians of CAMBRIDGE, MASS., when they had as their guest Rotarian Nehemias Gueirios, of PERNAMBUCO, BRAZIL. A guest of the United States Department of State, he is touring North and Central America in the interest of hemispheric goodwill and understanding.

Garage Becomes Soldiers' Center

"What can we do for soldiers stationed at near-by Camp Livingston?" was the question Rotarians of OAKDALE, LA., recently asked themselves. Here is their answer: They took over an old garage, spent more than \$6,000 to rejuvenate it, set up a recreation center, hired two attendants, told the soldiers, "Welcome!"

Anniversaries Acclaimed

Silver-jubilee bells will ring this month for four Rotary Clubs in the United States. They are HARRISON, ARK.; DU BOIS, PA.; CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo.; and WAVERLY, N. Y.

Twenty-one years of Rotary in DEWBURY, ENGLAND, were celebrated recently with the issuance of a 60-page souvenir booklet. Included in its pages were pictures of each Club President since 1922, together with a brief history of each Rotary year.

An attractively designed testimonial



WIELDING saws and hammers like artisans, Princess Anne, Md., Rotarians build roadside shelters for hitchhiking servicemen.



A BIG BOND for a little girl. She paid for it with the \$1,000 she won in the community night parade which the Rotary Club of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Canada, sponsors annually.

scroll symbolized the tribute paid by the Rotary Club of SACRAMENTO, CALIF., to its seven remaining charter members when the Club recently celebrated its 30th anniversary. Although one of the honor guests was prevented from attending by illness, the other six were present for the cutting of the ceremonial birthday cake at the speaker's table.

Help to Swell Community Fund

October was a busy month for Rotarians of LEAVENWORTH, KANS., for they were among the prime movers in that city's Community Chest and War Fund campaign. Working with other service organizations and general civic groups, the Rotarians were asked to get the pledges of each Club member; of each business, profession, or institution represented by members; and of all employees in the organizations they represent.

Stage Circus Fête for Handicapped

Using precious gasoline coupons to carry their youthful guests, DETROIT, MICH., Rotarians staged a circus party for 70 crippled children, while the circus management supplied peanuts, crackerjack, ice cream, and cola drinks to the youngsters. A double-barrelled civic activity, the circus party was promoted by the presentation of a ticket with each war-bond purchase during a recent retail merchants' war-bond drive.

Call Aberdeen 'Safety City'

Proud that their city was named as "safest in the United States" in the 10,000-to-25,000-population class by the National Safety Council, Rotarians of ABERDEEN, SO. DAK., recently took part with representatives of other service clubs and the city's Civic Association in an award ceremony. The only city ever to win first place in the Council's national pedestrian protection contest for three consecutive years, ABERDEEN can boast that not one pedestrian has been killed on its streets in that length of time.

Where Youth Can Have Its Fling

Its name recalling the storied native quarter of Algiers, Club Kasbah has opened its doors to GREENWICH, CONN., young folks at that city's Y. M. C. A. as a Rotary Club an-



FRIENDSHIP flowered amid the gay colors and music of a fiesta when the then newly organized Rotary Club of Agua Prieta, Mexico, invited Rotarians of Douglas, Ariz.—across the Rio Grande—as its guests. Here are participants in national Mexican dress.



ANOTHER touchdown!—and that's okeh with these physically handicapped youngsters, among 40 who were guests at the Philadelphia, Pa., Rotary Club's yearly football outing.

swer to the need for a gathering place for community youth. Spacious, smartly decorated, equipped with dressing rooms, private entrance, soda fountain, Club Kasbah is the outcome of proposals made last Winter by Rotarians who urged wider participation of the Club in Community Service.

Cross Boundary on Guest Tour

An International Service program that crossed a boundary was the stunt staged not long ago by the LEAMINGTON, ONT., CANADA, Rotary Club when it invited SANDUSKY, OHIO, Rotarians across Lake Erie as its guests, took them on a town-wide tour, which included a trip through the community's largest industry.

Raise Funds for 'T. B.' Clinic

HIGH RIVER, ALTA., CANADA, Rotarians are credited with originating a campaign to purchase a mobile clinic for the examination of tuberculosis patients and suspects. Province-wide, this activity is financed by the sale of Christmas seals.

They Danced—So Others Can Drink

GRAFTON, AUSTRALIA, Rotarians recently held a dance for the benefit of a proposed National Fitness camp. Net proceeds of the ball went to a fund for the project's water-supply facilities.

Club Remembers Soldiers' Children

Men who have entered their country's armed forces from ST. MARYS, ONT., CANADA, could rest assured that their children would be well remembered during the Christmas season. The local Rotary Club made certain of that—by earmarking \$150 for the use of the War Services Committee to provide Christmas boxes for the children of servicemen, and for flowers to be presented to the wives of Club members who are in active service.



THE GANG'S all here! Cpl. Bert Penner (left) and Squadron Leader C. C. Sparling (center), who ran the show, are swapping home-town news with Cpl. Duncan Robertson.

Flin Flon Reunion Amazes London

By SCOTT YOUNG
London, Feb. 22. (CP Cable)—The roistering Manitoba mining city of Flin Flon hit Trafalgar Square Saturday with an explosive enthusiasm that made astonished Englishmen wonder how a district with so many energetic representatives could have escaped their notice so long.

Flin Flon-ers Flock Together

AWAY UP in the dog-sled country of northern Manitoba there's a little Canadian mining town called Flin Flon. It has a Rotary Club which is also small (25 members)—but mighty! The Club has built playgrounds, has given its district a fire truck, and last year sent its soldier sons 1½ million smokes! But its top achievement of 1943 was its organization, by remote control, of a reunion in London of some 130 Flin Flon boys stationed in the British Isles. Pouring in from all corners, the boys met in clubrooms reserved for them—spent two days eating, singing, listening to messages from home, recording replies, talking their heads off about good old Flin Flon. It took planning—lots of it—and London Rotarians helped. But it was worth it. Some day ask any man who was there.

MANY a photo for the folks back home was snapped that happy week-end. This one (below) shows some of the air-men present. . . . Card at right is typical of many Flin Flon Rotarians have received for their soldier-smokes program.



The coming and going of happy miners, surfacemen, storekeepers, doctors and lawyers went on in the shadow of Nelson's monument from mid-morning until midnight and streets and clubs nearby rang with the shouts of men who had not seen one another for months or years—since they left Flin Flon to enlist in the army or force and help fight for the United Nations.

The reunion, organized by the Flin Flon Rotary club, was started by an airgraph letter weeks ago to 254 Flin Flon servicemen from Dr. B. A. L. Biggs, chairman of the Flin Flon Rotary club, asking them to show up at the Beaver club Feb. 20. About 125 of them were able to make it under the organization of Sqdn. Ldr. Clarence Spelling and Cpl. Burt Penner.

Spelling and Penner were taken, re- at rise ous the close general, n who se they ir force on 11-

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. AUG. 29/43

DEAR SIR:

Many thanks for the cigarette. I don't know what we should do for smoke if it wasn't for your Committee and it's some- thing just as I am running low on smokes. I hope we will be able to see you all soon. Very faithfully yours, J. J. J.

Cdr. Army Active Force.



Scratchpaddings

HOME. Aboard the international exchange ship *Gripsholm*, from which its 1,200 passengers are debarking in New Jersey as these lines are being written, were said to be 38 Rotarians. Known to be among them is PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR JAMES N. HENRY, university educator of Canton, China. Names and details of the others were not available at presstime.

Brave Trio. A train carrying war materials chuffed into the yards at Grand Junction, Colo., one day last Summer, drew near the Union Station. There a



CITED—for courage amid flame and shell.

"hot box" set fire to one of its cars loaded with 75 mm. shells. Heedless of their own safety, two railroad employees dashed out, uncoupled the car and also another to which flames had leapt. Then the shells let go, spreading havoc for blocks. Fighting the spread of the blaze, the local fire chief lost his right arm when hit by a shell fragment. At a meeting held later, the Rotary Club of Grand Junction bestowed upon each of the three men its new *Service above Self Award*, a citation for outstanding local acts of courage and bravery. The three men (left to right in cut above): VICTOR I. GRIFFITH, SAMUEL W. LAMP- SHIRE, and FIRE CHIEF CHARLES L. DOWN-

What Those Dollars Do

Your Club holds a bread-and-milk luncheon and sends the saving to the Relief Fund for War-Affected Rotarians. That's great—but do you want to know just what your Relief dollars do, what kinds of distress they ease, who disburses them, how many more are needed? Just off the press is a neat, readable little brochure telling the whole story of the work of Rotary's Relief to War-Affected Rotarians Committee. A copy is yours free. Just ask for the pamphlet, *Relief to War-Affected Rotarians*, addressing your request to Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill., U.S.A.

ING. Grand Junction Rotarians plan to make the award a permanent affair.

Phelps Memorial. In his will the late WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, beloved Yale professor and long-time book reviewer for this magazine, bequeathed his large library to his alma mater. Now some of "BILLY'S" friends—and he had thousands of them—think that the most fitting memorial anyone could raise to him would be to make certain that that library be kept up to date with new additions. If you are interested to know how they propose to do it, write to The William Lyon Phelps Memorial, Box 1603A, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

Assembly. Rotary's 1944 International Assembly will be held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, Ill., from May 19 to 22.

Committee. Meeting in Chicago in the last two days of November, 1943, Rotary's Constitution and By-Laws Committee (1) Drafted a Proposed Enactment which would amend the By-Laws



THEIR MARRIAGE has stood up for 50 years. Congratulations to Rotarian and Mrs. Chas. Ed. Potter, of Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

of Rotary International to make the Magazine Committee a Standing Committee of R. I., preparing the draft at the request of the Board, which was directed by the 1943 Convention to present such a Proposed Enactment to the 35th annual Convention. . . (2) Drafted, at the request of the Board, a Proposed Resolution to clarify provisions of Convention legislation relating to the Relief Fund for War-Affected Rotarians. . . (3) Considered other possible revisions of the R. I. By-Laws, such as procedure of the Board in voting by mail. . . Present were CHAIRMAN LOUIS C. CRAMPTON (see cut, page 52), of Lapeer, Mich., EDWARD V. LONG, of Bowling Green, Mo., and HARRY F. RUSSELL, of Hastings, Nebr.

Honors. BRIGADIER GENERAL HANFORD MACNIDER, former active and now honorary member of the Rotary Club of



VICE-PRESIDENT S. J. MCGIBBON
Perth, Australia
Deceased, November, 1943

A cablegram flashed from Western Australia on November 8, 1943, brought the sad news of the death of SINCLAIR J. MCGIBBON, of Perth—Vice-President of Rotary International. That message has since been relayed around the Rotary world, but at presstime details of his death were still lacking.

ROTARIAN MCGIBBON was senior partner in an accounting firm bearing his name. He had practiced as a chartered accountant in Perth for 43 years, had helped found the Institute of Chartered Accountants in Australia, and had served as president of the Commonwealth Institute of Accountants.

In World War I he was a member of the Australian Wheat Board. In World War II he served as financial representative for the Defense Department of the Australian Government, visiting the Middle East and residing in London for a year. He had been assigned that mission in 1941, had completed it in 1942, returning thereafter to Australia.

A keen tennis enthusiast, he developed the famed King's Park Tennis Club, was president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Western Australia for more than 30 years.

A charter member of the Rotary Club of Perth, ROTARIAN MCGIBBON served as its President in its first year, was District Governor of the 65th District in 1932-33, was a member of Rotary's Aims and Objects Committee in 1939. He was elected an international Director at Rotary's 1943 Convention.

DIRECTOR SHAPOORJEE B. BILLIMORIA, of Bombay, India, will serve in his stead on the Nominating Committee for President in 1944-45, and the Board will fill the vacancy his death brought its ranks at its meeting this month.

Surviving ROTARIAN MCGIBBON are his wife, three daughters, and two sons, both of whom are in military service.



ONLY ONE other man has served any Rotary Club longer as Secretary than Sidney M. Brooks has served the Rotary Club of Little Rock, Ark. Rotarian Brooks' record is 30½ years. He is also President Emeritus of his Club, having been its first President, and is a Past District Governor.

Mason City, Iowa, recently received an Award of the Legion of Merit. It was pinned on him by GENERAL DOUGLAS A. MACARTHUR. GENERAL MACNIDER is a past national commander of the American Legion.

EARL J. GLADE, a Past President of the Rotary Club of Salt Lake City, Utah, has been elected Mayor of the city. . . . To commemorate his 50 years in business in Verona, N. J., the Rotary Club of that city presented to ROTARIAN WM. PITT JOHNSON a handsomely printed citation. . . . PAST INTERNATIONAL ROTARY DIRECTOR ALLEN L. OLIVER, of Cape Girardeau, Mo., is the new president of the Missouri Bar Association. . . . A. L. M. WIGGINS, of the Rotary Club of Hartsville, S. C., is the new president-elect of the American Bankers' Association.

President's Award. "For the most significant achievement in promoting the ideal of service," one Rotary Club in each Rotary District will this Spring receive a citation to be known as "The President's Award." The Awards will be made by Rotary's Board of Directors at its meeting in May or June, and will



ROTARIAN and Mrs. Louis C. Crampton, of Lapeer, Mich., en route to St. Marys, Ont., Canada, to address a "ladies night" on The Ancestry of Uncle Sam. An archaic subject, thought a Lapeer Rotarian auto dealer, so he supplied this equipment to match it.



AND HERE'S the veteran of all veteran Secretaries—the only man who tops the fine record mentioned at the left. He is Frank W. Weedon, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Syracuse, N. Y. His score: 33½ years in that job! He was born in London, England, hammers brass for a hobby.

be announced at the 1944 Convention. Descriptions of the things Clubs have done during the Rotary year 1943-44 to encourage and foster the ideal of service will form the basis of the judging. Clubs wishing to compete—and all Ro-

tary Clubs in the world are urged to do so—are advised to submit these descriptions to their District Governors not later than April 1, 1944.

A Gain Again. Scoring 254 members more than had the record-breaking month of September, October saw the greatest net gain on record in membership in Rotary's United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda area. The count was 1,300 new members in existing Clubs, plus 119 charter members in new Clubs admitted in the month.

Inspired. CLARK E. STEWART, music-retailing member of the Rotary Club of Bloomington, Ill., sometimes "grinds out limericks for our local boys on their birthdays." The other day he warmed up his limerick machine, went to work, and out came this—which he feels applies to all Rotarians:

*I sing a noble coterie;
The men who work in Rotary;
To break each chain and fetter
And make the whole world better.
Each man to this a votary.*

Primer. Many a Rotarian cut his eye-teeth on matters Rotary with a reading of a slim little book titled *Rotary in 47 Minutes*, by the late LAWRENCE S. AKERS, a Past International Director. That book, first published in 1935, is out in a new edition (50 cents a copy; 45 cents in lots of ten or more). Just write Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill., U.S.A.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



Add: 'E' Pennant Winners!

Presenting 24 more firms (with Rotarians in executive capacities) which now fly the coveted 'E' flag for excellence in war production.

Associated Spring Corp. (Dunbar Brothers Co.), Bristol, Conn. ROTARIAN ALDEN C. PURRINGTON.

Avey Drilling Machine Co., Covington, Ky. ROTARIAN D. A. PATTERSON.

Beloit Iron Works, Beloit, Wis. ROTARIANS WALTER M. DUNDRE, HERMAN HUGLE, and FRANCIS RAMSDEN.

Fort Worth Poultry & Egg Co., Inc., Fort Worth, Tex. ROTARIAN JOHN B. COLLIER, JR.

Hercules Powder Co. (Joplin plant), Carthage, Mo. ROTARIAN JOS. S. MARK.

Independent Engineering Co., O'Fallon, Ill. ROTARIANS B. RAY CHRISTOPHER and RAY RICHARDSON, and HONORARY ROTARIAN LIONEL L. CARTIER.

Cyril Johnson Woolen Co., Stafford Springs, Conn. ROTARIAN WILLIAM G. LISKE.

Kensbey Mattison Co., Ambler, Pa. ROTARIANS WILLIAM C. SCOTT, JOHN W. LEDEBOER, HARMON C. KINNEY, WILLIAM H. MORRIS, and A. S. BLAGDEN, JR.

Kiekhoefer Corp., Cedarburg, Wis. ROTARIAN ARNOLD C. KIEKHAEFER, Thiensville-Mequon, Wis.

Manhattan Rubber Mfg. (division of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc.), Philadelphia, Pa. ROTARIAN GEORGE R. VAN DUSER.

Martin Dyeing & Finishing Co., Bridgeton, N. J. ROTARIAN THOMAS F. MARTIN.

Matthews Conveyor Co., Ellwood City, Pa. ROTARIANS FRANK E. MOORE, WILLIAM L. DEAN, and ALMOND E. MILBROTH.

National Tube Co. (Ellwood Works), Ellwood City, Pa. ROTARIANS LEO J. MA-

SON, HARRY W. HUDSON, TILLMAN R. SNEDDEN, LOUIS C. NICHOLSON, EDWIN A. GEDDES, and V. V. JOHNSON.

New England Brass Co., Taunton, Mass. ROTARIAN A. RAYMOND TAYLOR.

Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis. ROTARIANS WALLACE B. KAISER, HAROLD P. NUTLEY, and OLIVER C. SANDERS.

Peerless of America, Inc., Marion, Ind. ROTARIAN L. J. PITCHER.

Phillips Packing Co., Cambridge, Md. EDWIN C. HOPKINS, JR., CHARLES FULLER, and S. CHARLES WALLS, SR.

Read Machinery Co., York, Pa. ROTARIAN THEO. F. FREED.

Selberling Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio. ROTARIANS ROBERT GUINTELL and C. W. SEIBERLING, and HONORARY ROTARIANS FRANK A. SEIBERLING and ROBERT S. PFLUEGER.

Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Co. (Velvet & Axminster Mills), Yonkers, N. Y. ROTARIANS THOMAS APPLEBY and JOSEPH A. TULLY.

Springs Cotton Mills (Lancaster, S. C., plant). ROTARIANS THEO. WM. BOYCE, LOUIS DOUGLAS DE LOACH, WILLIAM CALDWELL FLANAGAN, BROOKS P. GOLDSMITH, ED. O. HUNTER, RAMA HUGHES KING, J. R. MCALPINE, E. LEE MCDOW, JOHN A. O'NEAL, EDWIN LEE SKIPPER, ROBERT BOWEN STEWART, CONWAY L. STILL, and A. Z. F. WOOD.

Stahl-Meyer, Inc. (Louis Meyer plant), Brooklyn, N. Y. ROTARIAN WALDEMAR J. NEUMANN.

Wood-Mosaic Co., Louisville, Ky. ROTARIAN WILLIAM F. FRANKET.

L. A. Young Spring & Wire Corp. (Trenton, N. J., plant). ROTARIAN WILLIAM J. GRACE.



NOT JUST another dinner! This group of Californians set a Rotary record around this table. To see what it was, read on.

Longevity in San Francisco

THERE'S MORE than meets the eye in the photo at the top of this page. There's a Rotary record of no skimpy dimensions. You are looking here upon the Board of Directors that served the Rotary Club of San Francisco, California, 30 years ago—as it appears today! And the whole Board is there, with one exception—a member who died in 1915. What is more, all these men except one are still members of the Club. What is still more, they talk (as if they meant it) of getting together again 30 years from now!

Reunions like this of "old-timers" where "Remember when . . . ?" starts every conversation are not uncommon in Rotary—particularly in the older Clubs where the Class of '09 or the "Greenhorns of '22" gather annually to call up the shades of a happy past. And that's what San Francisco is: one of the older Clubs. The fact is, it's Rotary's second oldest. The scars of the

great fire which in 1906 laid the town low had only begun to heal when in 1908 a new group that was to help much in that healing was established; it was called a "Rotary Club." Rooting quickly, the new Club began at once to seed other new Rotary Clubs; in

later decades it entertained two international Conventions; this year it has given Rotary its supercharged international President, Charlie Wheeler.

But back to the men on this page. 'Twas in the year 1913-14 that the Club gave them the helm, put the Presidential wheel in the hand of Engineer Henry J. ("Bru") Brunnier (far end of table). And it was a good year. During it, for one thing, the Board hired Hoosier-born Howard H. Feighner (third from right) as the Club's first Career Secretary; since 1927 he's been Rotary International's Convention Manager.

Ten years and a day after the Board had held its first meeting in 1913, "Bru" called the fellows together for a reunion. Then 20 years stole by; then "Bru" suggested another. The idea "took" . . . and, just the other day, 30 years and a day after these men first met "officially," they met unofficially and informally around the table you see above in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. Through three hours they ate, talked, and "got caught up" as each man traced his life from the cradle to this far-from-grave moment. Reading clockwise from the man in center foreground, the photo shows: C. D. Holman, C. J. Auger, P. J. McCormick, M. L. Rosenfeld, Brunnier, R. R. Rogers, Feighner, F. I. Turner, V. S. Walsh.

Then someone with a sharp pencil figured out that the average age of the nine young men present was 69 years, and there was unanimous agreement that this durability should be credited half to California's climate and half to Rotary's age-arresting powers.

"Just one thing," someone said, as the pleasant fellowshipship was breaking up. "When we hold that reunion 30 years from now, let's have the steaks ground, eh?"

HERE'S HOW this group looked in 1913-14, its official year: (from top down) Brunnier, Rosenfeld, Rogers, Feighner, McCormick, Auger, Holman, Walsh, Turner, A. J. Brunner (who died in 1915).



THIS NOTICE brought these Rotarians out for their tenth reunion just 20 years ago.



IT WAS CHINESE New Year's—and Chinese of Toledo, Ohio, gave the local Rotary Club's International Service Committee a ten-course dinner. The photo, taken afterward, shows (left to right) Charles D. Loo, Frazier Reams (rear), Kee Sang, Charles Lewis (host), and Harry N. Hansen, Committee head and member of Rotary International's Post-War Committee.

Hub of the Orient

[Continued from page 13]

he has championed the cause of pure science—that is, investigation to find out the truth, no matter what that is, rather than make a discovery just for practical ends—which is dear to the heart of every great scientist in the world!

At the joint annual meeting of six leading Chinese scientific organizations last Summer, the President sent a message which pointed out the great need for the scientific development of China's resources and for the training of a great host of teachers and researchers in the field of science, with the significant statement that "without a firm foundation in pure science, there never will be any noticeable progress in applied science."

In her love for knowledge and her desire to do the right, China has the potentiality for contributing much to the post-war world. Already the fires of freedom burn fiercely on her altars. No nation wishes more for a true family of nations, or is ready to contribute more to it. Truly, the world must look to China to be the leader in democratizing the Orient—and China will not fail in that trust!

Democracy is really indigenous to China. She has had a concrete expression long before the idea was worked out in the Government. I refer to the traditional family system of China. To strangers, that fundamental idea finds expression in the picturesque custom of ancestor worship. Many people con-

ceive of that as a form of idolatry—but that is an erroneous notion.

The Chinese people think in terms of centuries. Immediate results are incidental with them. They believe a person's life is the prolongation of that of his father and countless generations preceding; his own individuality or conscious existence will be transmitted through his progeny through eternity.*

That is why the family line is supreme, and why the family, not the individual *per se*, is the social unit in

* For an authentic account of the Chinese concept of family life, see *A Sister's Dream Came True*, by Lin Yutang, in the August, 1941, *ROTARIAN*.



HORIZONS broadened in Hugo, Okla., when Rev. Norman Alter brought these United States soldiers from a Texas camp to address his Rotary Club. All are of alien blood, spoke firsthandly of the fall of Warsaw, life among Japanese in America, Rumanian mentality.

China. Thus each person becomes socialized on the family basis, subordinating his desires to the good of the group. It is, therefore, but natural for families to act cooperatively for community welfare. Step this democracy on a local basis idea up to the level of a district, then a province, and finally a nation, and you have ideal democracy—ideal because it has sprung from the grass roots and is not handed down by edict.

This native Chinese concept of democracy is centuries old. It has been ingrained in every child from the dawn of understanding, and continues through to old age and to death. An inherent part of the nature of 400 million Chinese, it becomes a foundation of solid rock on which is being built an enduring government of free people that will serve as the post-war pattern for all the teeming peoples of the Orient.

Chinese culture stressing human values with patience and courtesy as supreme virtues has developed many graces and charms that intrigue discriminating people of the West. It is not by accident that thousands of people who have visited China have remained to live there. China's culture is an asset to the world, and remains only to be interpreted and modernized before it provides a contribution of lasting value to all mankind.

To catch what New China can contribute to the post-war world, one needs to look back to the principles of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. The history of China for the last 50 years has swirled about the struggle to put those concepts into practice. Dr. Sun expanded the allegiance to family and clan into love of country; then he evolved the idea of "people's sovereignty"—another name for democracy; next he fought for the "principle of livelihood," or material progress to raise China's standard of living.

His principles are not based on mate-

rialism as in the case of capitalism, socialism, or communism. He arrayed himself against monarchy, aristocracy, plutocracy, or domination of one class by another. He believed merit to be the basis of advancement, and placed happiness above prosperity as the ultimate objectives.

All this was to eventuate into constitutional democracy. His idea of constitutional government went further than the three-way Republic of the United States—namely, legislative, executive,

and judicial; Dr. Sun added the powers of examination and impeachment, as a further guaranty of the people's rights.

Dr. Sun is generally conceived of as a Chinese nationalist, but his writings and teachings and his actions reveal that his horizons stretch far beyond the boundaries of China. He looked forward to the day when China would rise to the position of leadership of the Orient and take her place as an equal in the family of nations, contributing vitally to the peace and welfare of the world.

Speaking of Books—

[Continued from page 21]

experience as an American lawyer in Shanghai. Concrete, vigorous, and often amusing, Mr. Allman's book is genuinely informative as well.

Even more important than knowledge of the material resources of China is understanding of the Chinese mind, the Chinese character. For this we must seek the aid of books which deal directly with the Chinese people, which enable us to enter into their minds and lives. Some of the well-known older books about China are invaluable for this purpose—books like Lin Yutang's *My Country and My People* and Pearl S. Buck's *The Good Earth*.^{*} One book very widely read in the United States in 1943 certainly added to Americans' understanding of the Chinese: Captain Ted W. Lawson's *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo*. Captain Lawson's visit to China was involuntary—when he was forced down after the Tokyo raid. But the story of how he was rescued by Chinese guerillas, sheltered and cared for and passed along to safety by Chinese of all classes—some of whom paid later for their mercy with their lives, at the hands of the Japanese—is to me the most absorbing part of his whole wonderful story. I don't see how anyone can read it without gaining a new liking and respect for the common man of China.

Three new novels, two of them by Chinese writers, will aid in further understanding of China today. Pearl S. Buck's *The Promise* is a deeply emotional account of the tragic campaign in Burma, from the Chinese point of view. Characters already familiar to readers of her preceding novel of the war in China, *Dragon Seed*, appear in its pages. *War Tide*, by Lin Taiyi, presents the effect of the war upon a representative Chinese family, and gives a fine understanding of the traditional Chinese family feeling. *Flame from the Rock* is the story of a Chinese girl who serves as a nurse in the interior of the country. The author, who is Tan Yün, writes

with real power and emotional appeal.

At a street festival in New York's Chinatown, complete with dragon and firecrackers, an American observer saw Chinese women carrying an American flag and receiving contributions of money from the Chinese crowd that lined the sidewalks. When he asked the purpose of these gifts, he was met with an evasive answer. At the time, floods were raging in the Mississippi Valley. The American learned later that the money was given for the relief of flood sufferers. Both the generous action and the refusal to seek credit for it were characteristically Chinese.

We can't hope to understand the people of China until we take an interest in and try to understand the Chinese people in our own countries, in all parts of the world. The best aids to such understanding—and also some of the most delightful reading I can suggest—are to be found in the books of Carl Glick, *Three Times I Bow* and the earlier *Shake Hands with the Dragon*. For many years intimately associated with the Chinese of New York City, Carl Glick introduces us in his books to these friends of his and lets us share their lives and enter into their thoughts. Incidentally, these entertaining books are good for the whole family: young readers will enjoy them just as much as older ones. I would like to see them in every school library in the world.

* * *

At our farm in Michigan my wife has tamed the Winter birds so that they come to her hands for food. It is a pleasant sight to see her festooned with insistent chickadees—one perched on her head, another on her shoulder, another on her arm, others swirling in the snowy air around her, while a trim, intent nuthatch sidles down an oak trunk toward the proffered peanut.

A Guide to Bird Watching, by Joseph J. Hickey, seems to have been written for all of us who have glimpsed even a little of the pleasure and wonder to be found in acquaintance with birds. Many

very busy men are included among the bird watchers of the United States and other countries—judges, physicians, businessmen, engineers. As a hobby, bird watching is unsurpassed. It can be carried on wherever there are birds, which means in the parks of large cities as well as in small towns and in the country. It is a hobby which can be shared most happily with other members of the family. And it is an interest which will last as long as life, offering endless variety and the true excitement of sharing in the advancement of human knowledge in a field still full of unsolved mysteries.

For all who have tasted this delight or would like to taste it, Mr. Hickey's book is ideal. It is thoroughly practical and usable for the beginner as well as for the experienced observer. It is very pleasantly written, at once informal and authoritative. Especially valuable is a detailed listing and description of important books about birds. Interesting tables show the extent of our present knowledge of migration and other habits of birds—for example, the return of individual birds to the same nesting areas year after year, after their round-trip migration flights of thousands of miles. Admirable illustrations by Francis Lee Jaques complete a book which it is a joy to read and to own.

"Bird feeding as a hobby" is one of the many attractive aspects of outdoor life treated in *Now That We Have to Walk*, by Raymond Tift Fuller, a member of the Rotary Club of Williamson, New York. The chapter titles of this book are inviting in themselves: "The First Week of May," "Knee-deep in Marsh," "Snake Facts," "America's Gamest Game Bird," and many others. And the invitation isn't a false one. This book really shares the delight of outdoor life. "Now that we have to walk," Mr. Fuller feels that we have a better chance to know the world we live in. He is right—and his book will help us to know it. Really well-written books about Nature are rare indeed. This is one of them. It is also practical in its suggestions for such worth-while activities as a private reforestation project, broad and alert in observation of all aspects of Nature, and rich in friendliness and humor. It's a book to share, but also a book to keep and reread.

A pleasant little book which combines lively recounting of amusing experiences of the woods and wild life with a strong statement of a woodsman's philosophy is Sam Campbell's *How's Inky?* Mr. Campbell's baby porcupine is as diverting a small creature as one will encounter in many months of reading. Mr. Campbell, who is a member of the Rotary Club of Three Lakes, Wisconsin, feels that men—and boys—can learn better in the woods than anywhere else some of the most important lessons that

^{*} For an article in this issue by Pearl S. Buck, see page 14.

life has to offer. His unpretentious record of his own experiences and reflections and those of his friends will help many readers to enjoy and appreciate more fully their own days in the out-of-doors.

Love and understanding of Nature are at once the outstanding qualities and the reason for being of *My Father's World*, a book of warmly personal little essays written by the late Merton S. Rice, distinguished and well-loved Detroit, Michigan, clergyman. The remarkable full-page photographs which accompany the essays add to the appeal and value of this book.

* * *

A friend offered to buy my lunch if I could lay down *Out of the Silent Planet*, by C. S. Lewis, without finishing it. He wins. This is a scientific wonder story—of a trip to Mars—but a wonder story with a difference. It meets all the requirements of this relatively new and very interesting type of fiction: exciting adventure, vivid description of amazing places and creatures, plausible scientific explanations. But it is also a novel of ideas, ideas which are exciting adventures in themselves, ideas which have truly great importance for our world of today. Our earth is the silent planet—it won't spoil the story for me to tell that much—and it is silent because ours is a "bent" world, one in which many things are in much need of being made

straight. I recommend this book not only to lovers of fiction of its special type, but to all readers who value absorbing novels that leave one with something to think about.

* * *

A strange story, too, but an eminently human and believable one is Richard Sullivan's *The Dark Continent*. The amusing and exciting tale of what can happen to a very ordinary citizen, this book is much more than that. Fresh and engaging in incident and treatment, beautifully written, marked by sound meaning, *The Dark Continent* is a novel to rejoice in. I rate it at the top both for entertainment and for literary quality: they don't always come in the same package, but they do here, in generous measure.

* * *

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:

My Revolutionary Years, Madame Wei Tao-ming (Scribner's, \$2.75).—*Free China's New Deal*, Hubert Freyn (Macmillan, \$2.50).—*China's Struggle for Railway Development*, Chiang Kia-ngau (John Day, \$5).—*Shanghai Lawyer*, Norwood F. Allman (Whittlesey House, \$2.50).—*Thirty Seconds over Tokyo*, Captain Ted W. Lawson (Random House, \$2).—*The Promise*, Pearl S. Buck (John Day, \$2.50).—*War Tide*, Lin Talyi (John Day, \$2.50).—*Flame from the Rock*, Tan Yün (John Day, \$2.50).—*Three Times I Bow*, Carl Glick (Whittlesey House, \$2.50).—*A Guide to Bird Watching*, Joseph J. Hickey (Oxford University Press, \$3.50).—*Now That We Have to Walk*, Raymond Tift Fuller (Dutton, \$2.50).—*How's Inky?*, Sam Campbell (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50).—*My Father's World*, Merton S. Rice (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, \$1.75).—*Out of the Silent Planet*, C. S. Lewis (Macmillan, \$2).—*The Dark Continent*, Richard Sullivan (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50).

They Call Her 'Mom' Baker

[Continued from page 30]

she spotted some Canadian boys who had just come up to the lounge, but seemed ill at ease. "Mom" bustled up to them.

"Make yourselves right at home," she said smilingly. "If you would like to dance, I'll have some girls come up, or if you want to read or write letters, we have everything. If you will stay all night, I'll have beds reserved for you, and then in the morning you can come down to the canteen for breakfast—and have all the American coffee you want."

The boys grinned. "That's Whistler's mother on the job," one remarked.

"Mom" has been showered with letters and gifts and pictures from her "boys," but she prizes nothing more greatly than the insignia they have given her.

One of her cherished souvenirs is the wings of a sergeant in the Army Air Corps who had made 58 sorties over battle areas in the South Pacific. He was on his way to Boston on a furlough and had a two-hour stopover in Chicago. He visited the Servicemen's Center and there met "Mom" Baker. But instead of two hours, he spent his entire ten days in Chicago at the Center.

"I really have no home," he told "Mom." "I am an orphan and as a child was shifted about helter-skelter. I was a frustrated lad until I got into the Army. I was going to Boston because I thought I might meet some friends. But this is good enough for me."

When he left, he gave her his wings. "I'd like to spend six months with you," he told "Mom." "I feel now as if I had what I never knew before—a real mother."

A New Zealander of the Royal Air Force told "Mom" he had heard about her both in his own land and in England. "I couldn't believe all they told me," he said, "but now I know it's true." He was a gunner on a bomber and in a flight over Germany a shell blasted his plane. It cost the lives of all the crew but his. He gave his country's insignia to "Mom."

A U. S. Army Air Corps cadet gladly gave "Mom" a pair of wings as a souvenir because she had helped him allay his mother's fears.

"I'm worried about my mother," he told Mrs. Baker. "She's distracted about my going, and I don't know what to do."

"She'll be all right," "Mom" assured him. "I know how she feels. I'll write to her." And she did, telling her how fine the youth was, his ambition to serve his country and all humanity, and how proud she knew the mother was to have her son take his place in the ranks of defenders of the right. Back came a letter:

"You put me straight, and I thank you. I feel differently about my boy's going and I have written him how glad I am he is in to see this thing through."

"Mom" is just about everything to her thousands of "sons." One reporter, after interviewing her, designated her as a "one-woman romance clinic for those afflicted with the love bug." And probably no woman in the world today has listened to more heart throbs of servicemen or looked with more enthusiasm at the pictures of their sweethearts the boys dig out of their pockets to show her.

Mrs. Baker attributes her success in winning the boys' confidence to being a good listener.

"You see, we accent the home atmosphere here, and our first aim is to make every lad comfortable," she said. "This is their home away from home." But there's more than that to it—and that difference is "Mom" herself. All the fellows agree that "Mom" is easy to talk to.

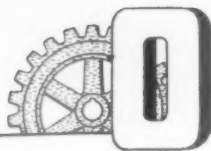
They tell her their heartaches, and often she is able to make them appear less severe by philosophical comments and analysis and her keen understanding of their every problem. She hears about the romance that has come into this fellow's life, about that fellow's best girl at home to whom he writes daily, of his family life, and of the sorrows and joys of someone left behind.

It's a crossroads of the world for fighting men, this 14-story Servicemen's Center of Chicago, the "buck privates' heaven." Every day of the week, but especially over week-ends, thousands of boys of the United States, the British Commonwealth, and even the French and Chinese armies flood its halls, canteen, dormitory, and lounge. Young and old, of different colors and races, from wealthy homes and city slums, they make of it a vast melting pot.

Its attractions have been heralded literally around the world. But no spot in it is closer to the hearts of democracy's warriors than the flower-bedecked desk where "Mom" Baker presides. The key to that affection is well revealed in these words in *The Log of the United States Naval Training School at Chicago*:

"'Mom' is truly a great personality and will live forever in the minds and hearts of her 'boys.'"

Tell that to her and she will chase you down the hall and out of the building. But watch her unawares and see that smile go into action among her "sons" and you know it is true.



pinion

A Deed of Valor

W. WALTER WILLIAMS, *Rotarian*
Raw-Material Distributor
Seattle, Washington

If or when we sense a feeling of complacency within us, it would be well for us to remind ourselves of some of the deeds of valor being performed and the sacrifices being made by many of our young men. Let me cite you just one. Last Saturday at Victory Square a young Navy lad named Kilvington participated in the program. I happen to know something about that boy's war experience. He was in every major engagement and was aboard the *Atlanta* when she was sunk in 1942 in one of the battles of the Solomon Islands. This young man was struck by an exploding shell. Suffering from a head wound, a right arm which had nearly been blown off, and with shrapnel in his spine, he was thrown overboard by his buddy as the vessel sank. He was in the water eight hours before being picked up. Shipped to San Francisco and then to Seattle, he has had several operations performed and has spent long months in a cast. Finally the gangrene in his arm was brought under control, he is once again out of the cast, and his first and only thought is, "When can I get back into active service?"—From a Rotary Club address.

Will to Sacrifice Needed

SAMUEL W. GARDINER, *Rotarian*
Attorney
San Rafael, California

It has been said that the men of Massachusetts could have made any document work and that it was their will to success, their will to achieve, which built the United States into a great nation under our Constitution. It has been said that the League of Nations failed because no one wanted it to work, because no one wanted to make the necessary sacrifice of sovereignty for the creation of an international organization which should henceforth be adapted to the needs and to serve the purposes of mankind. You and I can hope to build and to have our children and our children's children build an effective international organization, but not until a majority of the American people and the majority of the people of the world are prepared to act together and to sacrifice together for collective security.—From a Rotary Club address.

Study History, Culture

ALAN F. HERSEY
Insurance-Company Representative
President, Rotary Club
Hingham, Massachusetts

Tomorrow will be an age of chemical reaction, of intercommunication, I hope of spiritual and cultural reincarnation. Human bonds conceivably may strengthen and understanding transcend national differences. If, as Rotarians, we are to meet our international

Pithy Bits Gleaned from Talks, Letters and Rotary Publications

obligations, today we must study the history and culture of the other community peoples; familiarize ourselves with their social, political, and economic life, their national and racial problems; have contacts with their representatives; encourage the delineation of their aspirations through private and public expression. Trade barriers, conflicts for markets, the control of raw materials, unquestionably produce illwill between ambitious, aggressive nations, and human nature is much the same the world over. It will be difficult to apply the Golden Rule universally, compose fundamental nationalistic differences, but if we can reduce the friction and antagonism, supplant the rankling sense of inferiority and injustice by fair treatment and equality of opportunity, then real progress in the direction of a permanent international peace will have been made. Rotary has the ready-made organization for world adventure and in the peace it can give direction to the surge of free peoples toward a more perfect collaboration and a more perfect human society.

Rotary's Wheel Not Rubber Tired

J. K. SIMMONS, *Rotarian*
U. S. Army Chaplain
Kingsville, Texas

The wheel is the emblem of Rotary. You will note that the wheel is not of that type that is rubber tired for ease, or embellished for beauty; it is the wheel of industry and labor. Rugged is its make-up, and yet symmetrical is its form. It is perfectly balanced in its every aspect, with all its parts equal, none overshadowing the other. . . . I can see the hub of this wheel as the Club itself, with its many sided opportunity for Club Service. Service insofar as Rotary is concerned must emanate from the Club. As we succeed in the Club program that will inspire service in the other lanes of Rotary, so will we achieve the final triumph of our mottoes, "Service above Self" and "He Profits Most Who Serves Best."—From a Rotary Club address.

Men Must Work Together

KENDALL WEISIGER, *Rotarian*
Telephone-Company Executive
Atlanta, Georgia

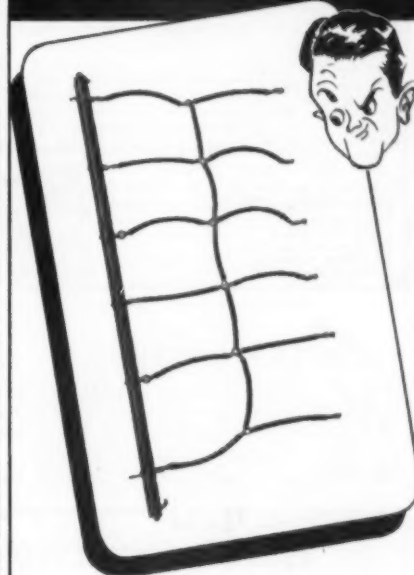
In much of our post-war planning we classify ideas under one of four heads: social, political, economic, or religious, but fundamentally there is only one head and that is brotherhood.

The lack of it has caused wars and revolutions as far back as history goes. The French soaked their soil in blood in an effort to achieve liberty, equality, and fraternity—now they have to re-soak their soil to retrieve these noble ideals, since without them they cannot live as good men ought to.

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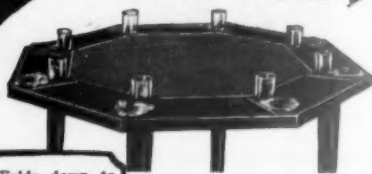


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freedom into four fields, and someone has since added a fifth—freedom to be free, as applied to some of the enslaved lands of the world.

Brotherhood is the word that includes both equality and fraternity, although in our thinking we have come perhaps to think of equality as the democratic opportunity of voting, of going to school, of securing employment, and of justice in the courts. But these equalities can only come when all men feel and act in the full spirit of brotherhood.

There is another reason for the practice of brotherhood, which is a genuine imperative! Said Marcus Aurelius, "We are built for cooperation," which means that as herd animals men must work together or die! The cement which binds men into cooperative action is love—the love that Jesus forever called to the attention of men, not filial love, not romantic love, but a fraternal love—a regard on the part of one man for the dignity and rights of other men, backed by a desire on the part of one to give to all the same things that he desires for himself.

The Lighter End of the Load

CHARLES W. TOBEY, Hon. Rotarian
United States Senator
Manchester, New Hampshire

The people of the United States have a right to know, within those limits made necessary by military security, the strengths and weaknesses of their fighting men and fighting machines. It is their right to be informed and to debate these vital questions. When we meet reversals and the pull to victory seems to grow long and hard, Americans will do well if they indulge to the full their genius for critical self-analysis.

In the last analysis, however, the war in which we are engaged is truly a war for our survival, nothing less, and when the restrictions and regulations incidental to the war press hard on us on the home front, we will be more reconciled thereto if we hold in our minds the picture of our boys, fighting and dying in the far quarters of the world. We at home have the lighter end of the load to carry, by far.—From a Rotary Club address.

Fellowship and Pin Pricks

WILL H. HARVEY, Rotarian
Tobacco Wholesaler
Shanklin, Isle of Wight, England

There is something very inspiring and almost sacramental when people sit down together at a meal, for it emphasizes in a peculiar way unity, fellowship, and goodwill. There was a striking example of this at Rotary's Nice Convention in 1937 when three members of my Club, on behalf of all the Island Clubs, entertained at dinner six Rotarians, and their ladies, of other nationalities, including French, German, and Italian. It was a most delightful and happy occasion and was characterized throughout by a spirit of perfect harmony, friendship, and goodwill. Sad it is to reflect that we have now lost the fellowship of German and Italian Rotary. And at the lunch table under the benign influence of a Worthington (beer), or the less potent effect of a

bottle of grape juice, hearts are opened and tongues loosened, the little pin pricks of daily vexations are forgotten and life puts on its rosiest hues. Unless, of course, you happen to be the unfortunate speaker for the day, in which case, deep and dark depression enters your soul, completely spoiling your lunch, and playing havoc with your digestion. . . .

Rotary is one of the very few organizations in the world which can bring together men of all nations, irrespective of language, or creed, or color and unite them in one common purpose. I had a remarkable experience of this two years ago at the Irish Conference at Killarney, for there were gathered together in one common cause, Free States and North of Ireland Loyalists, Roman Catholics and Protestants; and the whole conference from beginning to end was marked by a spirit of harmony and brotherhood, and happy fellowship, which diversity of political and religious conviction could not destroy. I do not think there is any other organization, except perhaps the Boy Scouts organization, in the world which could have given to the world such a demonstration of unity and friendship.—From a Rotary Club address.

Re: Rotary Mottos

B. F. WILLIAMS, Rotarian
President, Commercial College
Des Moines, Iowa

I wonder if anybody has ever taken the trouble to analyze the implications of our cherished mottoes or maxims, "He Profits Most Who Serves Best" and "Service above Self"?

Arthur Frederick Sheldon, who wrote the first of these statements, was a salesman—and a teacher of salesmanship. He believed that the salesman who predicated his argument on service would sell more goods, and therefore make more money, than one who permitted his own selfishness to obtrude prominently.

It is undoubtedly true that larger prof-

Plan After-War Jobs Now

We saw the tragedy of the lack of planning for jobs in 1918. I can't erase from my mind the tragedy of apple selling by my business of World War I. . . . Some say that this holocaust is because we won the last war, but lost the peace. Adequate forehand planning might have avoided this tribulation. One great religious organization has for five decades held the view that the real approach to lasting peace is better living for the peoples and not just physical frontiers. This means jobs. The best antidote for false ideologies and isms is a constructive job. The soldiers I meet are in earnest about three things: (1) getting the job of the war over with; (2) getting home; (3) getting a job when they get home.

—ROTARIAN JOHN W. ANTHONY
From an address to his Rotary Club of Opelousas, La.

its come with better service, but isn't it just a little hypocritical to infer that we serve for the sake of service, whereas, human nature being what it is, we serve for the sake of profit?

And the other statement, "Service above Self," is rather far-fetched, and it is doubtful whether anybody other than an angel from heaven could operate successfully on that glorified theory. The time may come when the doctor, the merchant, and the candlestick maker will serve for the sake of service without regard to self, but that happy situation is probably reserved for the millennium.

None of this means that I am in any sense out of sympathy with all the good things for which Rotary stands and the fine things it has done, but I sometimes feel that we might make a happier statement of our basic principles—although I don't care to undertake to do it.

Emphasize Goods, Not Labels

FRED TODD, Rotarian
Scunthorpe, England

I like to think of Rotary sometimes in the words of Kipling in *Sons of Martha*. Perhaps you know the lines:

*Raise ye the stone, or cleave the wood,
To make a path more fair and flat,
Lo, it is black already with the blood,
Some son of Martha spilled for that.
Not as a ladder from earth to heaven,
Not as a witness to any creed,
But simple service simply given,
To his own kind in their common need.*

The last four lines seem to me to epitomize Rotary. I'd like to feel that they entered into the conception of every Rotarian's belief in his membership.

*Not as a ladder from earth to heaven,
Not as a witness to any creed;
But, simple service simply given,
To his own kind in their common need.*

The more I read those lines, the more impressed I am by them.

I hope they may influence the rulers of the world when they commence to unravel the present knots after the tug of war is over, and that man's inhumanity to man may be overcome, or that we may all, at least, be ready to believe that it should be overcome and be ready to make the necessary sacrifices to that end.

This recurrent sacrifice of the sons to redeem the follies of the fathers is not good enough for the sons, and I am looking forward to the time when the younger men will be more politically conscious than they have been in the past, and ready to pay more regard to measures and less to "party." I am heartily sick of the time that is spent talking and arguing about "labels" to the neglect of the actual "goods."

Clouds Make the Sunsets

S. R. HANSEN, Paint Mfr.
President, Rotary Club
West Los Angeles, California

It is my earnest belief that Rotary is fundamentally sound. It has merit and possibilities beyond even the most brilliant and capable minds. It has been my privilege and good fortune for the past 14 years to see it function in almost perfect harmony with the world as a whole. . . . I would not dare even to estimate the good that is bound to be derived from the national and international meetings of Rotarians. You will

notice I mention "almost perfect harmony." Where, since the beginning of civilization, has there ever been perfect unison? We shall in all probability always have the dark shadows of doubt and differences of opinion. This is the privilege of free people. We cannot hope to see a better tomorrow without clouds of unrest, hardships, and even sorrow. Do not the most beautiful sunsets have clouds to add to their splendor? Would we enjoy the sun as much if it were not for cloudy, dark, and dreary days? Would we enjoy good health if we never were sick? Would we value happiness as much if we were never unhappy? Would we appreciate peace if we never were troubled? The answer, I am sure, is "No." Neither can we nor shall we enjoy Rotary without trials and tribulations. It is the profound duty of each and every Rotarian to do his utmost, no matter how trivial it may seem to him, to further the purpose and intent of Rotary as a whole. It cannot be impressed too strongly upon us that our individual actions and words add up to one grand total. Shall this total be success or failure?—From a Rotary Club address.

World Police Force Essential

ELWOOD C. WEEKS, Rotarian
Counsellor at Law
Pleasantville, New Jersey

If the nations, in conjunctive effort, establish a proper police force, then, under proper control and direction, it will no doubt be sufficient to quell the uprising of any given nation. Experience has proved how practical police power is in the municipality, the state, and the nation. Why not in the world? Such an organization would have been a guaranty against this global war. It would have worked as late as 1936 and 1937, when Germany became bold about arming, as in the Ruhr district. Such an organization would have then said to Germany, "Thus far you have gone, but farther you may not go." When Germany first defiantly put on her war garb, shame on us that nothing was done! We "missed the boat."



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HOBBY



Hitching Post

ONE of man's oldest handicrafts, wood-working continues to have its devotees in an age of machines and mass production. THE GROOM tells of four Rotarians who, geographically far apart, are united in this type of craftsmanship.

IF YOU were to drop in tonight at the home of FRANK R. JENNINGS, a veteran member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Illinois, chances are you'd find him busily at work in his basement "hobby koop." And he would probably be working on anything from a console or a desk set to a lamp or a gong, for wood-working has been one of his major interests since as a boy he made his own sleds and wagons.

Retired now, ROTARIAN JENNINGS finds his "hobby koop" just one of many interests. He is an avid crossword-puzzle fan, and he enjoys contributing biographical sketches of fellow members to the Chicago Club's publication—an avocation that comes naturally enough to one who was for a period of 18 years business and advertising manager of THE ROTARIAN.

Typical of his careful workmanship are the candlesticks (see cut) which he made and presented to Rotary International's Past President TOM J. DAVIS, of Butte, Montana. Cut from Norway pine and California redwood, with inlaid base and stem, they hold candles of blue and gold, Rotary's colors. Of their significance ROTARIAN JENNINGS says:

These might conceivably be regarded as symbolic of Rotary, which was established in Chicago in 1905 on the solid foundation of service. From one Club, Rotary has grown to more than 5,000 Clubs, with more than 200,000 members. It has completely encircled the globe and at the apex of this achievement it has placed its colors, blue for true friendship, and gold for stability



"SYMBOLS of Rotary," Frank R. Jennings calls these candlesticks which his skill made.

of purpose, and is finally surmounted by friendly beacons, so that men of all nations may behold its watchword, "Service above Self," and its slogan, "He Profits Most Who Serves Best."

"Select a block of marble and knock off the part you don't want." That's a famous capsule description of the art of sculpturing—and it has its application to wood carving too, as DAVID G. NUZUM, Secretary of the Keyser, West Virginia, Rotary Club, learned. He turns to the tool bench for relaxation after days spent teaching English in junior college. Of his "St. George and the Dragon" (see cut) he says, "The joy of creative endeavor makes it virtually priceless."



A JIG SAW and some ingenuity produce silhouettes for Rotarian F. A. Chadbourn.

When T. WILBUR ("BUDDY") THORNHILL, Past Governor of District 190, first moved to his present home in Charleston, South Carolina, neighbors warned him that the gangs of boisterous boys on his and near-by streets would make his life miserable. And perhaps they might have—if ROTARIAN THORNHILL had not combined his fondness for youngsters (he has two sons of his own) and his machine-equipped woodworking shop into a hobby that has made the THORNHILL basement headquarters for boys from blocks around.

The first crop of boys he won over and taught a useful craft are now in the armed forces or at college, but there are always eager youngsters to take up any vacant space around the \$1,200 worth of tools and power-driven machines he has set up (see cut).

"Pseudo-inlaying" is what ROTARIAN FREDERICK A. CHADBOURN, of Columbus, Wisconsin, calls his hobby of making sil-



ROTARIAN D. G. Nuzum finds relaxation from teaching in such original wood carving as this.

houettes with a jig saw and plywood. He pastes the picture to be copied on the wood, cuts out the different blocks of color, removes the paper, stains cutouts with oil paints rubbed in with a rag, assembles his pieces puzzle-fashion, glues them onto a wood backing, puts them under pressure for six to eight hours, then shellacs and rubs down the finished job (see cut), and finally gives a light application of olive oil before rubbing dry with a soft cloth.

What's Your Hobby?

Perhaps you'd like to have THE GROOM list your hobby below. If so, just drop him a line—if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family—and he'll include it. There is, of course, no charge.

Stamps: Andre de Coudekerque-Lambrecht (collects stamps about music composers or musical instruments; also relating to fishing—fish, fishing books, or fishermen), 4460 Trias St., San Diego 3, Calif., U.S.A.

Wood Carvings: Robert H. Smith (col-

lects wood carvings and small wooden novelties; will exchange; wishes correspondence with others similarly interested), McKenzie, Tenn., U.S.A.

Family Names: L. C. Tedford (collects family names ending with "ford"—Tedford, Bradford, etc.; will exchange names with others similarly interested), Marion, Ark., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Kenneth G. Hanson (15-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes pen pals, especially those interested in collecting postmarks or interested in ships), 2243 Mohala Way, Honolulu 5, Hawaii.

Stamps: Robert Lee Hanson (son of Rotarian—collects British Colonial stamps; will give stamps of U.S.A. and other nations in exchange), 206 S. Page St., Stoughton, Wis., U.S.A.

Bird Models: J. F. Bingham (makes bird models of wood or tin; wishes correspondence with others similarly interested), 1908 Ogden Ave., Superior, Wis., U.S.A.

Stamps: C. Aaron King, Rector (collects stamps; wishes correspondence with others similarly interested), St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Auburn, Calif., U.S.A.

Rare Plants: S. Mendelson Meehan (interested in uncommon trees and plants; will help others identify them on receipt of description of flower, seed, leaf, and form), Newtown Square, Pa., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM

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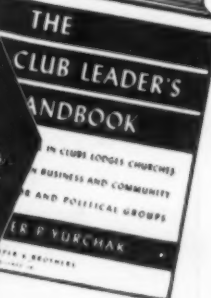
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...
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"I FORGOT my ration book. Just fill it up and I'll be responsible."

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. Here is a favorite story—"a true story from my own family"—submitted by Mrs. William B. Robertson, the wife of a Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, Rotarian.

There was to be a singing contest in our home town, Paisley, Scotland, and one of my brothers decided to enter, as his friends thought he had a fairly good voice. The big night came. The first two contestants were good, as the applause showed. Then my brother came on the scene. He sang very well, but just as he was leaving the platform, someone threw a cabbage at him. He picked it up, smiled, then faced his audience and said, "I knew I was making a hit, but I did not know you would lose your head over it."

The applause was deafening—and he won the contest medal!

Beastly Language

Supply the missing creature in the following statements (Example: He's trying to ape his betters):

1. You can't _____ me!
2. He's as crazy as a _____.
3. We surely got his _____.
4. He laughed like a _____.
5. He's as dumb as an _____.
6. He ran like a scared _____.
7. He's a _____ in the grass.
8. He turned out to be a regular social _____.
9. Now you're talking _____.
10. They gave him the _____ laugh.
11. It's just a case of _____ love.
12. She's a jealous _____.
13. He got out of that as slick as a _____.

14. Her husband leads a _____ life.
15. We ate like _____.

This puzzle was contributed by R. Stewart Schenley, of Russellton, Pennsylvania.

Acrostic

Each of the words described contains the same number of letters, and the central letters, reading upward, spell what an Irishman said the coast of Ireland was red with:

Crosswords: 1. A scriptural name. 2. A long strip. 3. Snow with a mixture of rain. 4. A glossy fabric. 5. A hollow dish for holding water. 6. Part of the arm. 7. Firm.

Square Word

Arrange the names of these four objects in such a way that they will form a word square:

A bird's bed. A stone for sharpening cutting instruments. Colored writing fluids. Part of the human face.

See page 63 for answers to the three puzzles above.

The Wheel

The wagon wheel made this complaint:
"I feel so futile and so bound.
Neither a sinner nor a saint,
I just go round, and round, and round."

The wagon said (it had a tongue):
"Your life is, after all, sublime.
Although that routine go unsung,
You're getting somewhere all the time."
—CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

Real Vacation

"I've just had the most delightful holiday!" related Hutchins. "No regular hours for meals! No extra charge for baths! As much as you want of food, with plenty of fresh fruit! No tips for waiters!"

"Good gracious! Where did you go?"
"I just stayed home!"—Christian Science Monitor.

Definition

A cynic is a person who doesn't care what happens, so long as it doesn't happen to him.—The Shadder, SAYBROOK, CONNECTICUT.

Wedding Postponed

A young man entered a florist's shop and ordered two dozen roses to be sent to his fiancée on the occasion of her 24th birthday. On the card he wrote, "One for each precious year of your life."

After he had left the shop, the pro-

prietor said to the clerk who had taken the order, "He's a good customer of ours. Throw in an extra dozen."

To date the wedding has not taken place.—*Rotaremind*, GENEVA, OHIO.

Retaliation

"I told the club they were a set of blind, stupid, obstinate, unmitigated asses."

"And what did they do?"

"They made me an honorary member."—*Dublin Opinion*.

Tough Going

"What are you doing in the pantry, Willie?" asked Mother sternly.

"Fighting temptation, Mother," replied Willie meekly.—*The Hub*, BESSEMER, ALABAMA.

Misplay

"You look fed up, Mr. Jones."

"Yes, I've had a trying day. My office boy tried that old gag about wanting the day off to attend his grandmother's funeral. I thought I'd teach him a lesson, so I said I'd go with him."

"Not a bad idea. Wasn't it a good baseball game?"

"It wasn't a baseball game. It was his grandmother's funeral."—*The Girardarian*, CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI.

Change Coming Up!

A passenger boarded a streetcar, felt in his pocket for change, then apologetically tendered the conductor a \$5 bill: "I'm sorry; I haven't a nickel."

"Don't worry, mister," grimly comforted the conductor. "In a minute you'll have 99 of them!"—*Rotary Club Weekly Letter*, CHARLEROI, PENNSYLVANIA.

'Let Freedom Ring'

At no time is freedom of speech more precious than when a man hits his thumb with a hammer.—*The Salt of the Earth*, WATKINS-MONTGOMERY, NEW YORK.

Start Right!

Start right now to start the new year right—by submitting a line to complete the unfinished limerick which appears below. If yours is the best line received by March 1, 1944—send as many lines as you wish—you will receive a check for \$2. Mail your entry, or entries, to The Fixer, in care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.—Gears Eds.

Frank Freddy

"It's not that I don't like to work," Said frank little Freddy McQuirk.

"But life's full of fun,
Keeps one on the run,

Time is money, someone lightheartedly pointed out one morning, so to save you some time, THE FIXER suggests as possible rhyme words: dirk, jerk, perk, shirk, smirk, lurk. And you can think of a lot more!

Mad Ladd

Mr. Ladd gets mad, but Miss Ruth Charles, of Salisbury, North Carolina, knows how to cure him. She tells about it in the last line she wrote for the bob-tailed limerick published in these columns in the October ROTARIAN, and for it wins the prize for the best line submitted. Here's Miss Charles' completed verse:

An old charter member named Ladd,
Says, "Boys, there's one thing drives me madd—

It's the guy who can't place

The name and the face,

But the fellow who can makes me glad."

Answers to Puzzles on Page 62

BEASTLY LANGUAGE: 1. Buffalo; kid. 2. Loon or bedbug. 3. Goat. 4. Hyena. 5. Ox. 6. Rabbit. 7. Snake. 8. Lion. 9. Turkey. 10. Horse. 11. Puppy or calf. 12. Cat. 13. Weasel. 14. Dog's. 15. Pigs.

ACROSTIC: Centrals, reading upward: Lobsters. Crosswords: 1. MoSes. 2. shRed. 3. slEet. 4. saTin. 5. baSin. 6. elBow. 7. shOWs. 8. soLid.

SQUARE WORD: Arranged in this order: Chin. Hone. Inks. Nest.

COMPETITION!

With the advent of the War, "competition" assumed a new form—a new importance.

We learned the true meaning, value and force of "competition", properly applied.

"Competition" in quality, quantity and in ways of doing the same old things just a little better, supplanted the "competition" of chiseling and throat cutting we have all known so well. This kind of "competition" has become a great and essential force in our gigantic war effort.

It is this mighty force of "competition" that is beating our path to Victory. Let us plan our Postwar efforts to include this same clean "competition" so as to perpetuate PEACE FOR ALL NATIONS.

Now is the time to set the course—later to be followed without remorse.

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"I'VE WRITTEN F.D.R. about the scrap metal here."

The Four Objects OF Rotary

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise in particular to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occu-

pation as an opportunity to serve society.

- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Last Page Comment

HISTORY HAS JUST been made at Cairo and at Tetheran and at Moscow before them. The heads of the four nations on which the burden of winning the war falls heaviest have met, talked, and drawn the plans that will carry the United Nations inexorably to victory. They took time also, you noted, to talk post-war. Thinking ahead to the aftermath of war is not a new exercise for readers of this magazine. For more than three years each issue has focused their attention upon one or more of the grave problems the return of peace will bring. This month, for example, the debate-of-the-month is on a question that must have carried a high priority number in that recent conference in Iran: "What's to become of Germany?" And four articles tell about China—its past, its people, and its potentially tremendous possibilities.

"I SOLEMNLY PROMISE myself that of all the things I mean and hope to do in 1944, I will do this: I will write at least one letter each week to some boy or girl in uniform." How's that for a New Year's resolution? Millions of young men and women far from Mom's chicken pot pie and Dad's thrice-told tales hope we homefronters will make it and keep it.

"MAIL IS A MUNITION." Everybody knows that by now, and we like to think that such articles as the one by that title in the March, 1943, issue and *Mail Call* in December, 1941, helped convince them. But just as a gentle reminder of what a letter means to a fighting man, we reprint (from the *Rotary Spokes* of Norman, Oklahoma) this entry an American soldier made in his diary of the Battle of Salerno:

"Sept. 8: First mail since we landed. God, how good it is to receive mail. I think we could go on fighting forever if we could just get mail."

MAIL TO SERVICEMEN is like bread cast upon the waters. It comes back a thousandfold. A soldier we know was ready to shove off for a distant battle zone, and sat down and wrote his mother. His concern was not for himself, but for her. "If you ever get to wondering how I am," he

Paging the Work Pile

What would we do with all our Estevan boys who are now overseas if the war stopped during September and they started landing back here in October? You don't know? Then we better start some serious planning.

Rotary Weekly Letter
Estevan, Sask., Canada

wrote, "just think of me as being happy, for I will be just that. I will be with lots of other mothers' sons, all doing our best so that all mothers' sons will have the same things we have." That was comforting reassurance to leave with any mother. It filled this woman's last days with pride and comfort. She died not long after receiving it. Now no one can write the kind of letter that mother used to write to her boy. But the question is: Is anyone trying to write him the next-best kind?

SOMEWHERE IN SICILY or vicinity there's a lieutenant better known to his fellow Rotarians back in Louisiana as a credit man. He, too, has an avid interest in the mails. "I have received several copies of THE ROTARIAN since I have been here," he

writes, "and have thoroughly enjoyed them. Reading material is rather scarce here, so my men usually read the magazine, too. Several of them have found it very interesting reading and have commented on this fact." A suggestion: Send THE ROTARIAN to your members on leave in the armed services. It will keep many an old tie snug.

"WE USED TO WONDER what the future had in store for us. Now we wonder what the store has in the future for us." That quip was popular in those pre-rationing days when housewives stormed the meat counters for the last beef heart or sent burly husbands to joust for the last can of peas. But now the "gag" is out of date. Today we know what the store has in the future for us—food enough to go around. None to spare, but enough if we share. Rationing has turned the trick. Rationing works because most housewives and most grocers are determined to make it work. Your corner grocer, beset by shortages and beleaguered by bookkeeping, deserves an orchid. He got it the other day from your wife, Mr. Rotarian. "A recent survey of a cross section of American homes reveals that almost two-thirds of the nation's housewives consider the service grocers are now giving as good as before the war." So says Paul S. Willis, president of the Grocery Manufacturers of America and a recent contributor to this magazine. "Your grocer thanks you," he adds, "and he asks that you continue to help him protect the food arsenal of America by cheerful and considerate co-operation."

"IT WILL GIVE ME an additional 50 days to devote to Rotary this year." That is President Charlie Wheeler's reaction—one of his reactions, at least—to the news that he has just been made executive vice-president and acting president of his company—Pope and Talbot. Best way any Rotary Club could congratulate him would be to lace into a Work Pile project—hard!

—your Editor

"Unaccustomed as I am—"

"I . . . er, er
just don't know
what to say
on the subject."

"I wasn't expect-
ing to be called
on to speak."

"Mr. Bell can tell
you more about
the idea than
I can."

"Er . . . that is
not very clear,
but that's the
best I can do."



... Yet 4 Weeks Later He Amazed His Friends and Associates!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"

"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over?"

"I don't think so. But Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free booklet entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*, which tells how almost any man of average intelligence can improve his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this interesting booklet made it clear to John Hark-

ness how he might change his entire business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day, would train him to speak more effectively in public or in everyday conversation—convince one man or many—help him to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences.

Fortunately, the opportunity to re-submit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

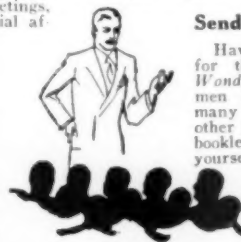
And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and the facts contained in the free booklet—*How to Work Wonders with Words*.

The experience of Harkness is merely a story. It is typical of what may be an actual happening in the life of most any man in the business world. For many years the North American Institute has been proving to men that ability to express one's self is the result of training, rather

a natural gift of a chosen few. Most any man with a grammar school education can absorb and apply this training—a training that helps to overcome timidity, self-consciousness, stage fright and fear when called upon to speak before an audience.

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